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AMAZING

MAR.

# MYSTERY FUNNIES



## *In This Issue*

AIR-SUB DX

VANISHING MEN

MADHOUSE MYSTERY

MYSTERIOUS POACHER

SKYROCKET STEELE

In Complete Picture-Stories





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# HELLO BOYS AND GIRLS:

Well, here's a brand new issue of *Amazing Mystery Funnies* for you to read and enjoy. From your letters I know that you are taking to this name magazine like a duck takes to water. If I were as good as old "Invex" in the *Sky-Rocket Steele* stories, I'd be able to tell you what is coming in future issues, but each issue must be a surprise to you as it comes from the presses. I hope that you get as much fun out of this magazine as I do when I edit each issue for you.

Sometimes I wonder whether some of the odd and fantastic stories which we print in picture form in this magazine will ever come true. It's hard to imagine ourselves flying through space, or riding in rocket ships, or traveling to Mars, or using electric-ray guns. But just stop a moment and think how difficult it would have been for our great-grand parents who have lived maybe a hundred years ago, to have imagined pressing a button to light up a room; or stepping on the self-starter button and driving a fast car; or

twisting a knob and bringing music right out of the air, or seating themselves in a comfortable airplane often having lunch in New York, and alighting in Chicago in time for dinner! Why, they would have said—"Bosh" it can't happen. But, it did happen, and you can guess just as well as I can what may happen in the next hundred years.

I heard a great university president predict that it won't be many years from now that we will be building our houses out of glass bricks, and also our roadways. And the roadways will be lighted from underneath the glass paving. Our houses will be heated by the energy taken from the air and sun. When we telephone, we will through the use of television see perfectly the person we are talking to over the wire. So—you see when a learned man thinks such things are coming, you never can be sure that all the unusual things we picture in *Amazing Mystery Funnies* may sometime "come true".

UNCLE JOE

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# AIR-SUB 'DX'

PART 1-THE PROFESSORS ENEMY!

68

BY CARL BURGOS

ENROUTE HOME AFTER  
A SERIES OF TESTS ON  
THE 'AIR-SUB' (A DEADLY  
WEAPON OF WAR, IF IN  
THE WRONG HANDS.)  
PROFESSOR GRAY, TIM,  
AND RITA, PASS OVER  
CURLEY'S COUNTRY.



-LET'S HOPE WE DON'T HAVE ANY  
TROUBLE WITH CURLEY-TIM,--AND  
EVERYTHING WILL BE PERFECT!--



MEANWHILE, AT CURLEY'S PALACE IN TAGO-LOR.

-HELLO-KIRK?- GET THIS!-PROF GRAY'S 'DX'  
PLANE IS OVER MY TERRITORY!--NOW,  
-I WANT THAT PLANE!--  
-GO GET IT!--



-THAT WAS CURLEY,..... HIS ORDERS ARE,  
-TO PROCEED AT ONCE, -TO CAPTURE--  
NOT DESTROY!-- PROF GRAY'S 'DX' SHIP.!!

RIGHT!

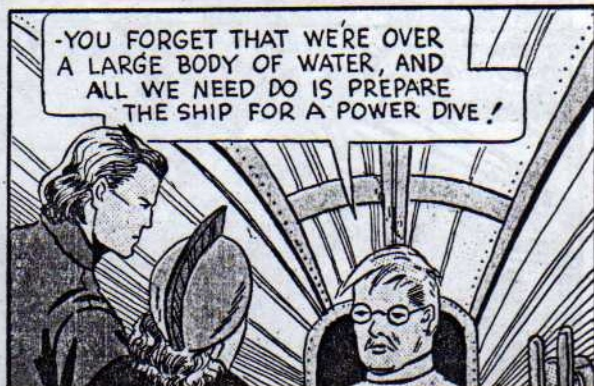


LOOK GRAY,- CURLEY'S TANK PLANES!  
-AND HEADED STRAIGHT FOR US!!



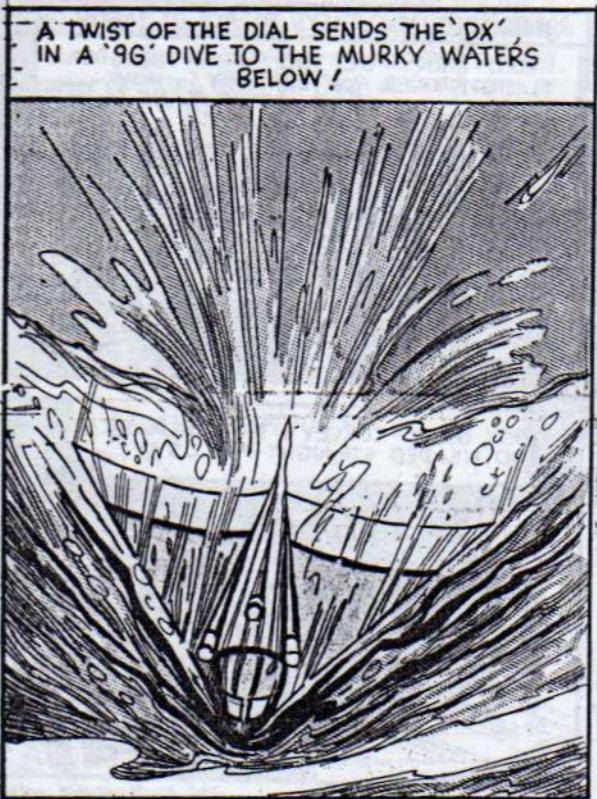
-I'M GOING TO TURN ON THE  
'DISSOLVING GUN'!..... THAT'LL TEACH  
'EM SOMETHING!

NO, TIM!  
NOT THAT!

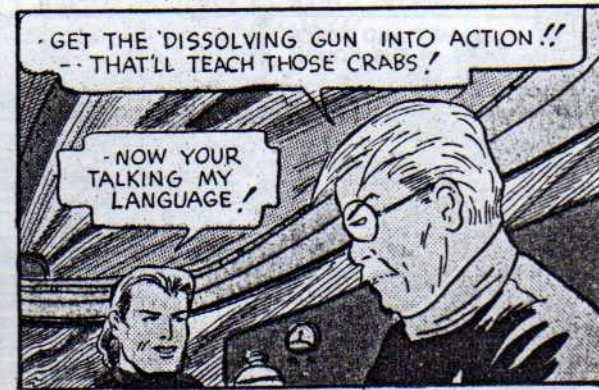
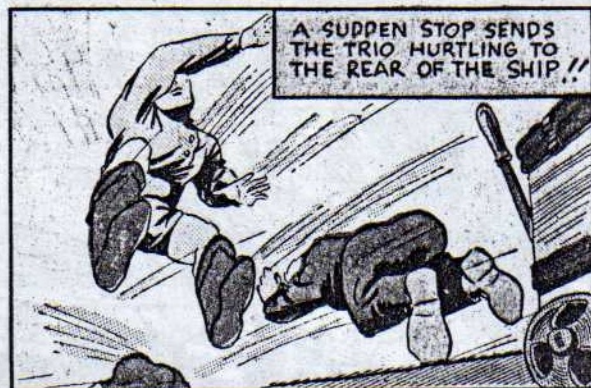
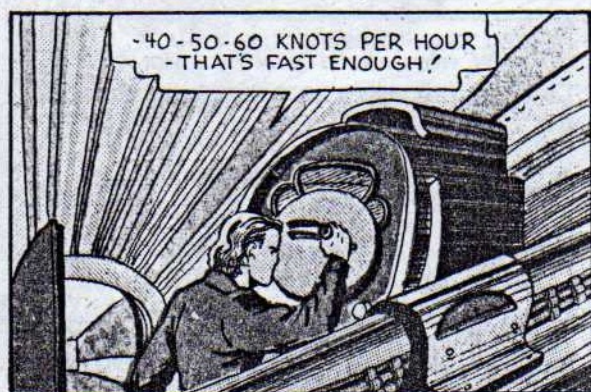
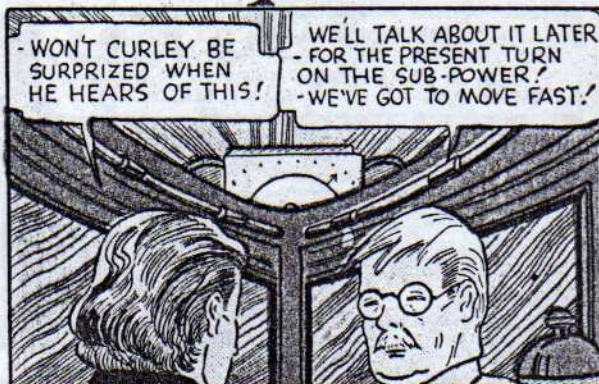
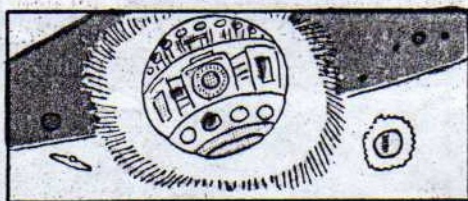


-YOU FORGET THAT WE'RE OVER  
A LARGE BODY OF WATER, AND  
ALL WE NEED DO IS PREPARE  
THE SHIP FOR A POWER DIVE!

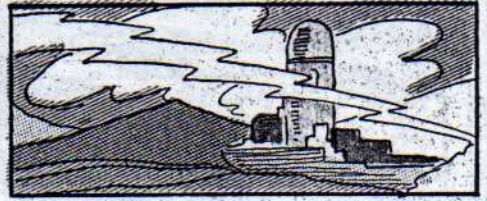




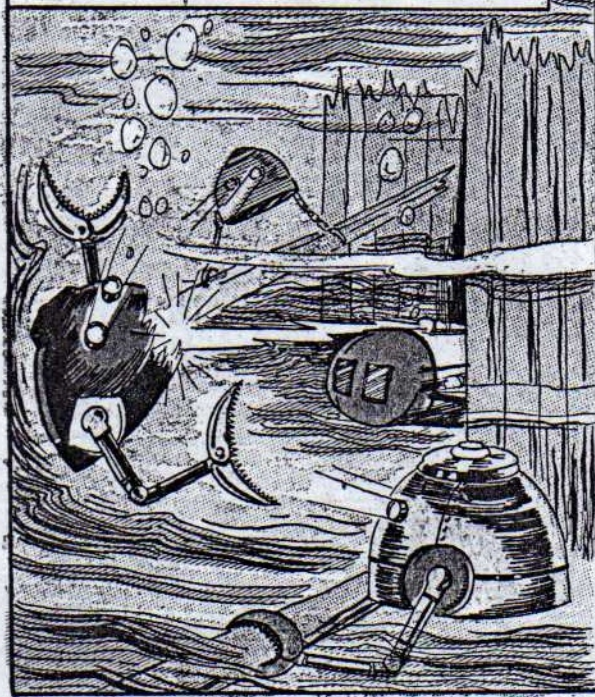








AS THEY CONTINUE BUILDING THE CORRAL A RED LIGHTNING RAY SPURTS FROM THE GUN, SMACK INTO THE LEADER WHO SLOWLY DISAPPEARS AS IF DIPPED IN ACID.....



GOOD SHOT TIM! --THE OTHER CRABS ARE TAKING FLIGHT!!

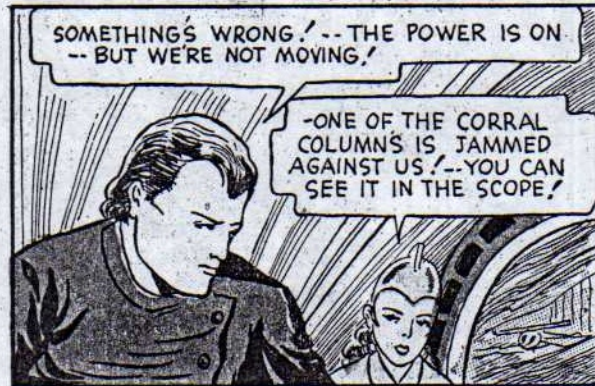


-WELL THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT!  
-NOW, HOW ABOUT STARTING HOME?



KEE-RECT! --I'LL TURN ON THE POWER!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! --THE POWER IS ON  
-- BUT WE'RE NOT MOVING!



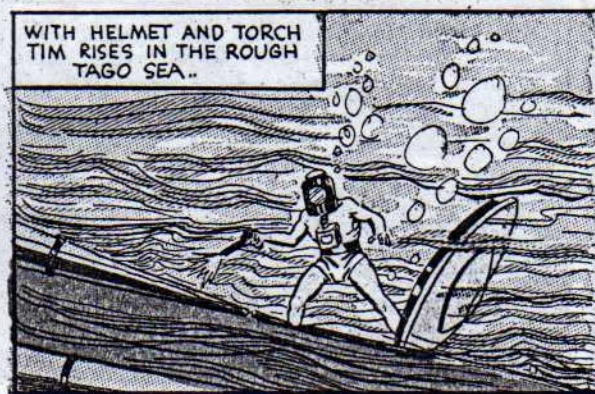
-ONE OF THE CORRAL COLUMNS IS JAMMED AGAINST US! --YOU CAN SEE IT IN THE SCOPE!

-I'M GOING OUT THERE AND GET IT OUT OF THE WAY! .... WHERE DO YOU KEEP YOUR DIVING EQUIPMENT GRAY?



I'LL GET IT FOR YOU, TIM!

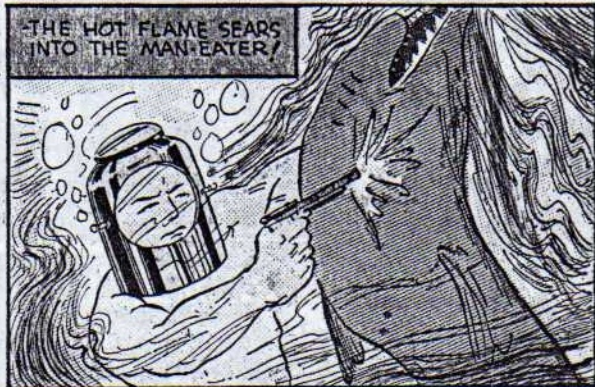
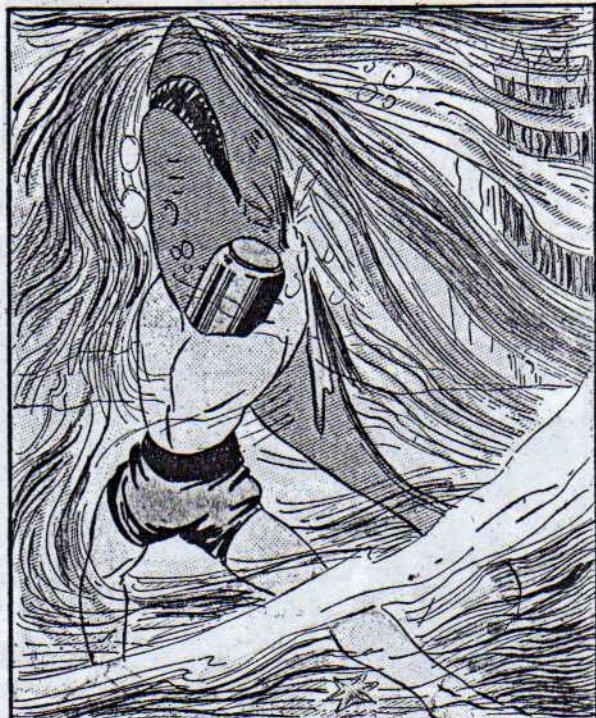
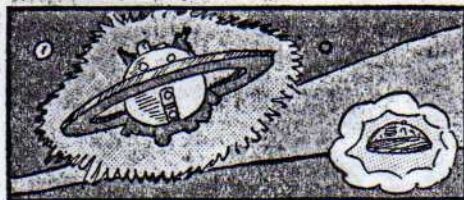
WITH HELMET AND TORCH  
TIM RISES IN THE ROUGH TAGO SEA..



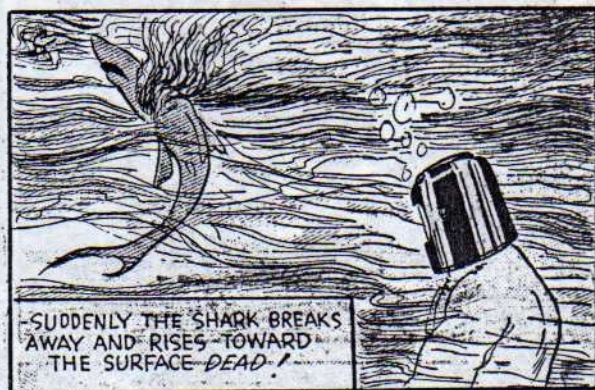
GOOD HEAVENS! --- A SHARK AND HEADED STRAIGHT FOR ME!!



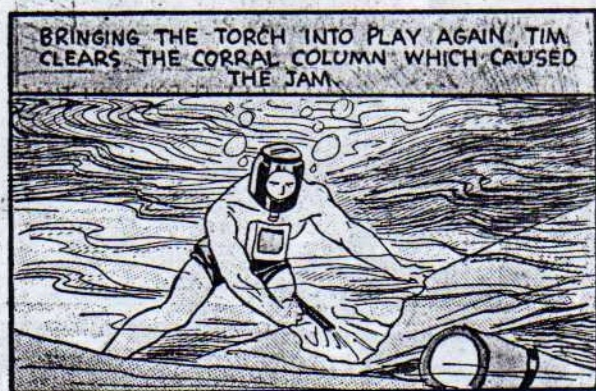




THE HOT FLAME SEARS  
INTO THE MAN-EATER!



SUDDENLY THE SHARK BREAKS  
AWAY AND RISES TOWARD  
THE SURFACE DEAD!



BRINGING THE TORCH INTO PLAY AGAIN, TIM  
CLEAR THE CORRAL COLUMN WHICH CAUSED  
THE JAM.



TIM! - ARE YOU ALLRIGHT?-- WE WATCHED THE  
FIGHT!-- FOR A MOMENT WE THOUGHT ----

I'M OK. - THE TORCH  
SAVED ME!



- AND NOW IT'S CLEAR SAILING  
HOME !!



AT CURLEY'S HEADQUARTERS

- HM-M. THE DX' IS BETTER THAN I THOUGHT,  
-- WITH IT I CAN BECOME EMPEROR OF THE  
WHOLE UNIVERSE!-- AND I DO WANT  
TO BE HEADMAN !!!

NEXT MONTH  
INVASION!



ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF

# DIRK

## THE DEMON

as related from the diary of



38



YOU CAN LAND JUST TO THE RIGHT OF THE MAIN BUILDING, PILOT~ IT SHOULD BE CLEAR~

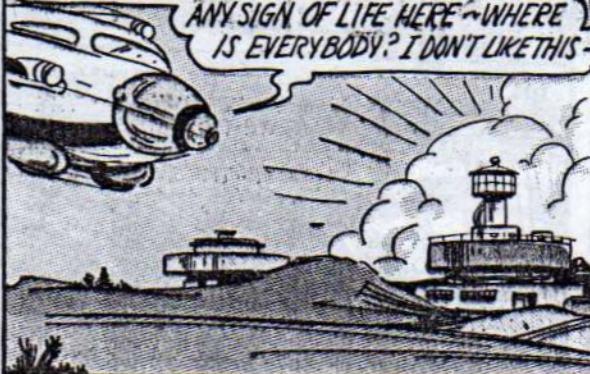


2830 A.D.  
In the cabin of a super-Sky-Rider, headed for Ulaas, Dirk is giving directions to the pilot. & the Princess yawns so on board, going to her marriage with Prince Marcus.

WELL, PRINCESS, YOU'LL BE MARRIED WITHIN THE HOUR, IF EVERYTHING GOES RIGHT~ MARCUS'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU~



NOW THAT'S FUNNY~ THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY SIGN OF LIFE HERE~ WHERE IS EVERYBODY? I DON'T LIKE THIS~



SAY, WHO ARE THESE MEN? THEY'RE ALL ARMED, AND MASKED~ LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE, PILOT!



STOP WHERE YOU ARE!



IT'S THE PRINCESS WE WANT, NOT THE REST OF YOU~ TURN AROUND, AND TAKE YOUR PLANE BACK TO EARTH!





GEE, PILOT~I CAN'T LET 'EM TAKE HER ALONE!  
YOU'D BETTER GO BACK AND GET HELP~I'LL SEE  
IF I CAN MAKE THESE CROOKS TAKE ME WITH  
THE PRINCESS~



HEY, WHAT'RE YOU TAKIN' HER FOR? SHE DOESN'T  
KNOW ANYTHING, AND YOU CAN'T GET ANY  
RANSOM FROM HER FATHER, 'CAUSE HE'S  
DEAD~



OH, SO YOU'RE GOING TO BE DIFFICULT, EH, YOUNG  
FELLA? ALL RIGHT,  
YOU CAN JUST COME  
ALONG WITH US!



EASY NOW, YOU TWO, AND NO TALKING! JUST KEEP  
GOING, AND DON'T TRY TO BREAK OUT OF  
THOSE BONDS!



IN YE GO, YE LITTLE DEMON!



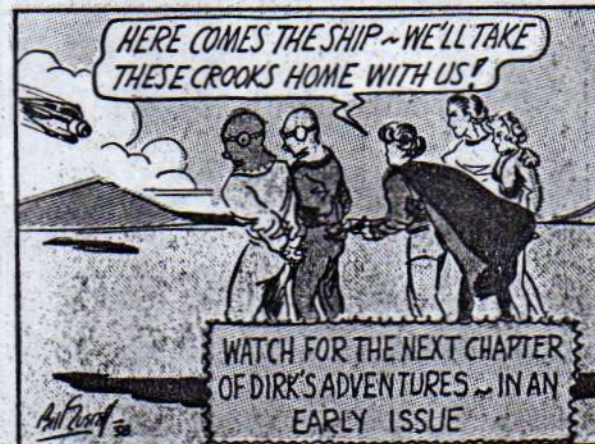
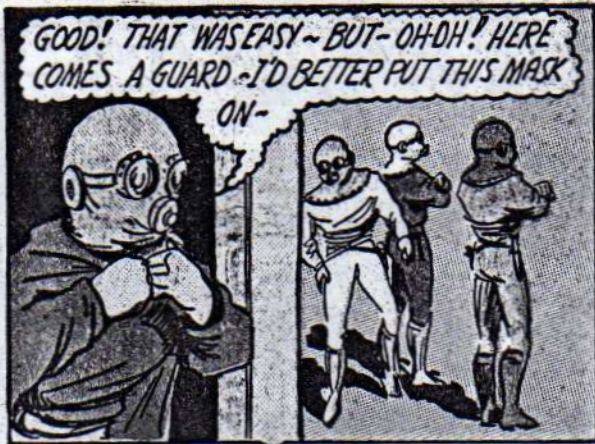
**OUCH!**  
HEY GUARD!  
(IF I CAN ONLY CUT  
THIS ROPE NOW)



WHAT DO YE WANT, YE LITTLE~  
HEY~ OOOOH!







WATCH FOR THE NEXT CHAPTER  
OF DIRK'S ADVENTURES~ IN AN  
EARLY ISSUE

Art Fland



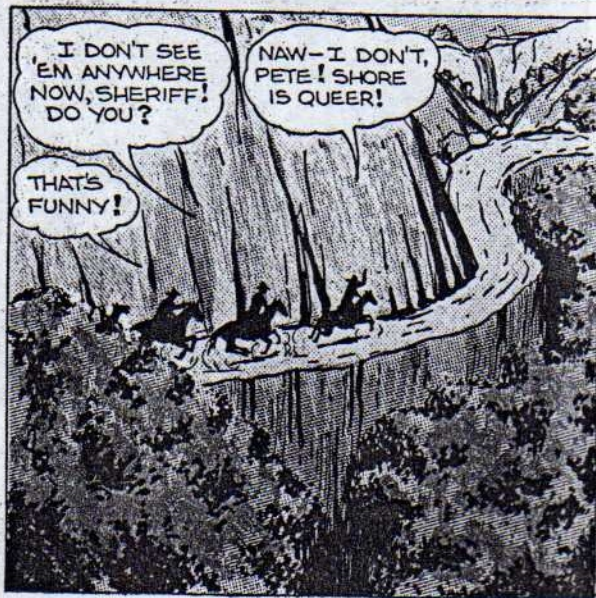
# VANISHING MEN

ILLUSTRATED BY

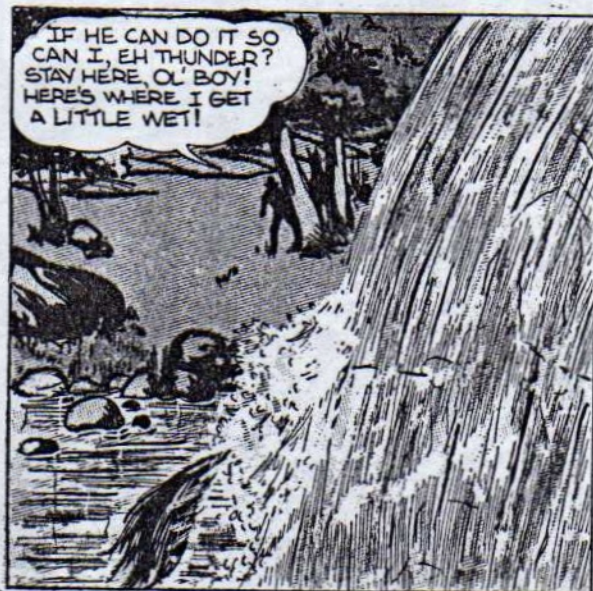
ARTHUR  
PINAJIAN

A COMPLETE 'PHANTOM O' THE HILLS' MYSTERY

STEP ON IT,  
BOYS, THERE'S  
A POSSE AFTER  
US! HAW!  
HAW!









THET SHORE WUZ A NICE JOB YUH PULLED, BOYS!  
AN' DON'T TOUCH ANY O' THET MONEY - I'LL BE  
BACK LATER T' DIVVY IT UP! NOW LISSSEN - TH' MEN  
ARE CAMPED 'BOUT HALF A MILE FROM HERE, AN'  
WATCHIN' EVERYTHIN'! AS LONG AS YORE IN HERE  
THEY'LL NEVER FIND YUH! GIT ME?

BUT WE NEED  
AMMUNITION, BOSS!  
WE GOT SOME, BUT  
NEED MORE! AN'  
GRUB TOO!



DON'T WORRY 'BOUT THET, BOYS! I'M A-GOIN' BACK  
T' TOWN AN' GIT PLENTY - BUT FUST LEMME  
CHOW UP A BIT! ----HAW! HAW! IF THEY  
EVER FIND YUH HERE IT'LL BE A MIRACLE!

NO FOOD AN' NO  
BULLETS - NOW'S MY  
CHANCE TO GO BACK  
AN' GIT TH' BOYS!



WAL - I'M  
ALMOST --



PUT 'EM  
UP,  
STRANGER!

SO YOU DIDN'T FIGGER  
ON A GUARD, EH?  
WAIT'LL TH' BOSS --

OW -

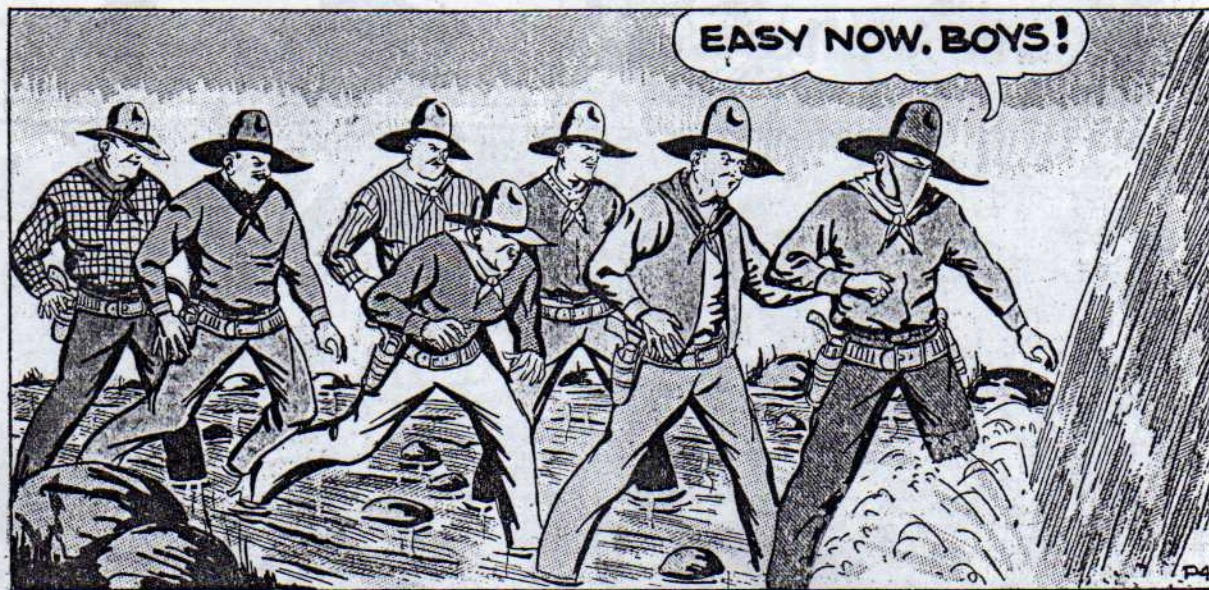
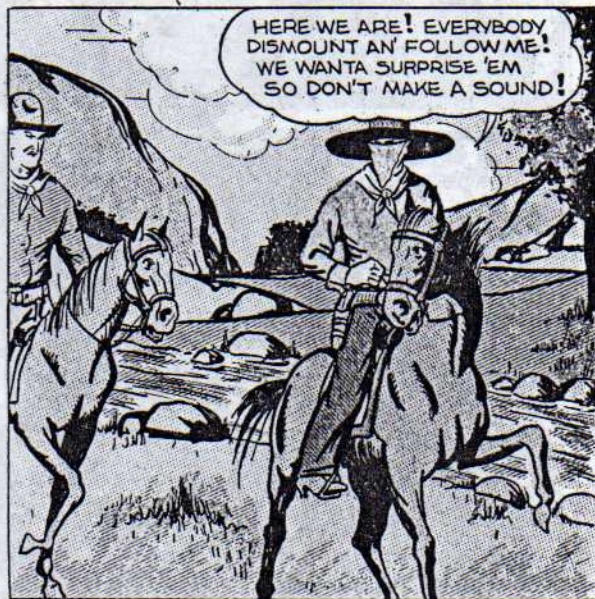
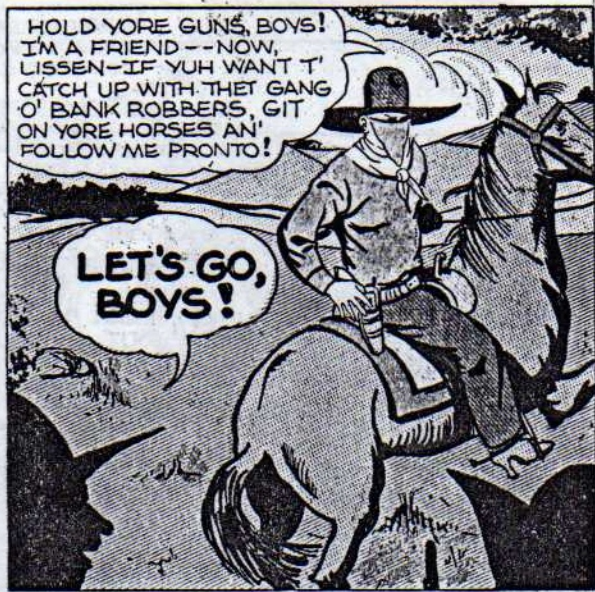
SOCK



NOW TO TIE UP  
THIS HOMBRE AN'  
GIT BACK TO TH'  
BOYS!



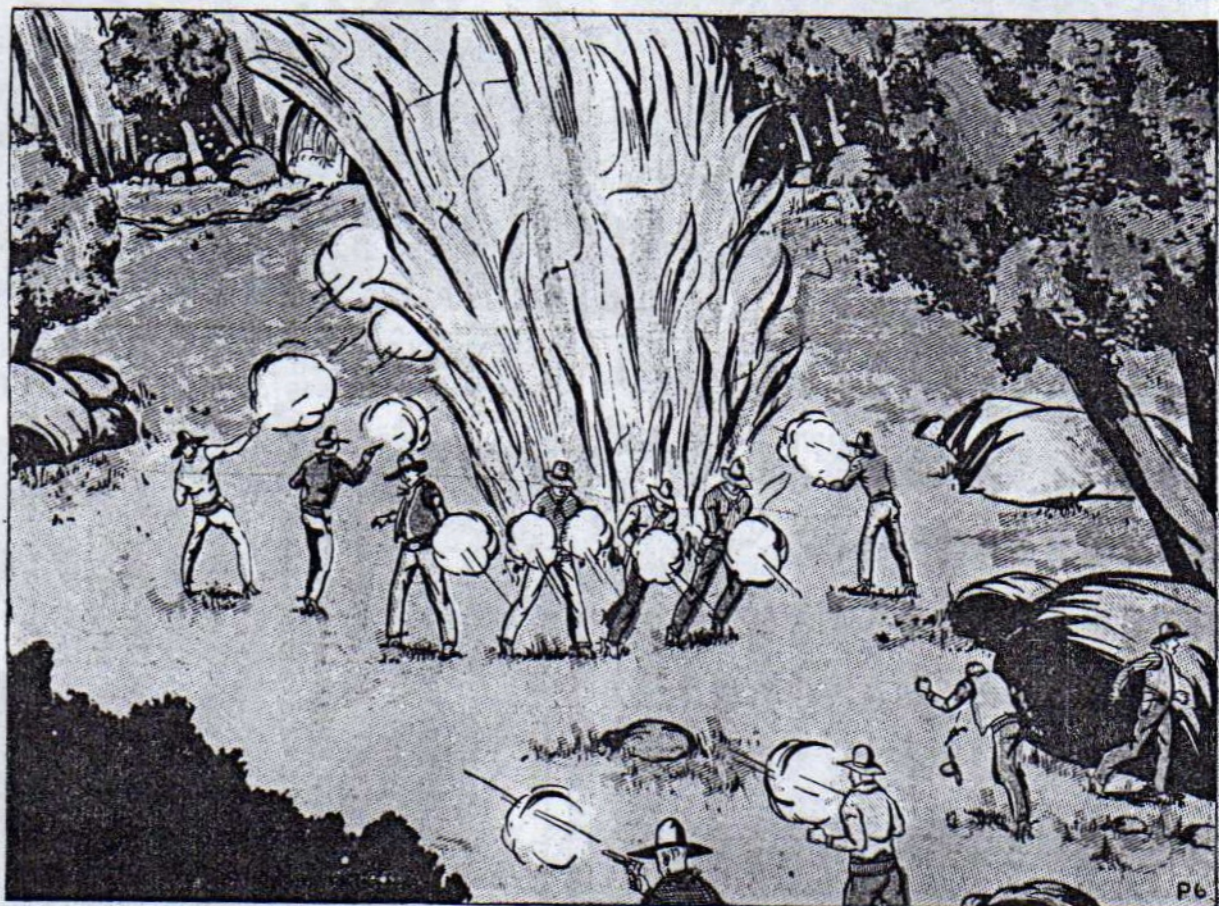
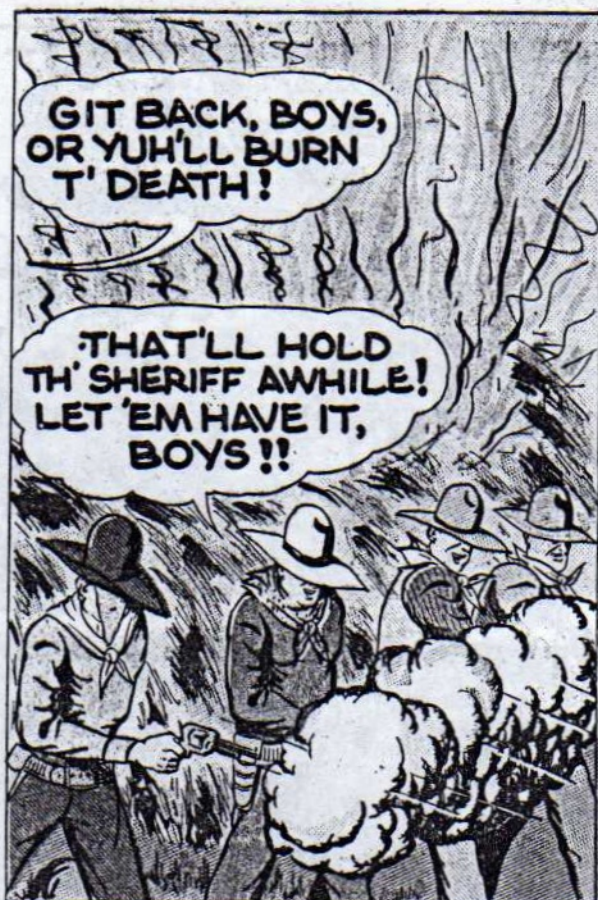




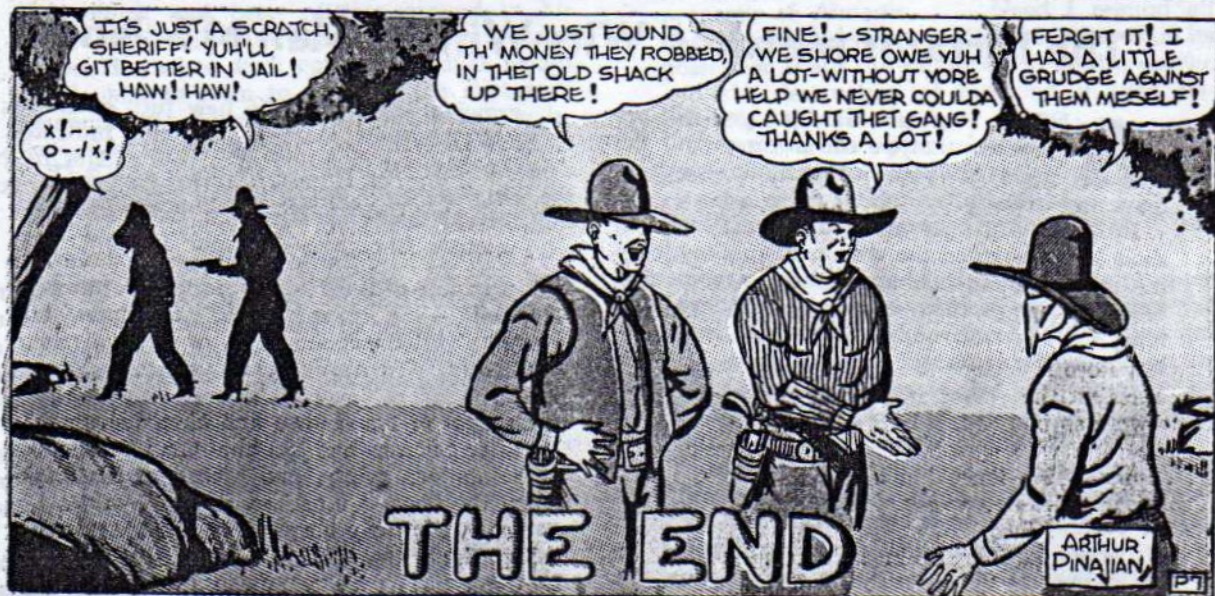
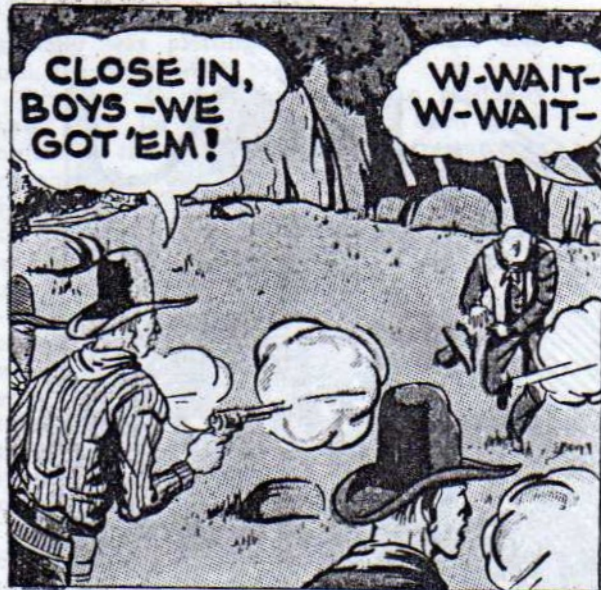




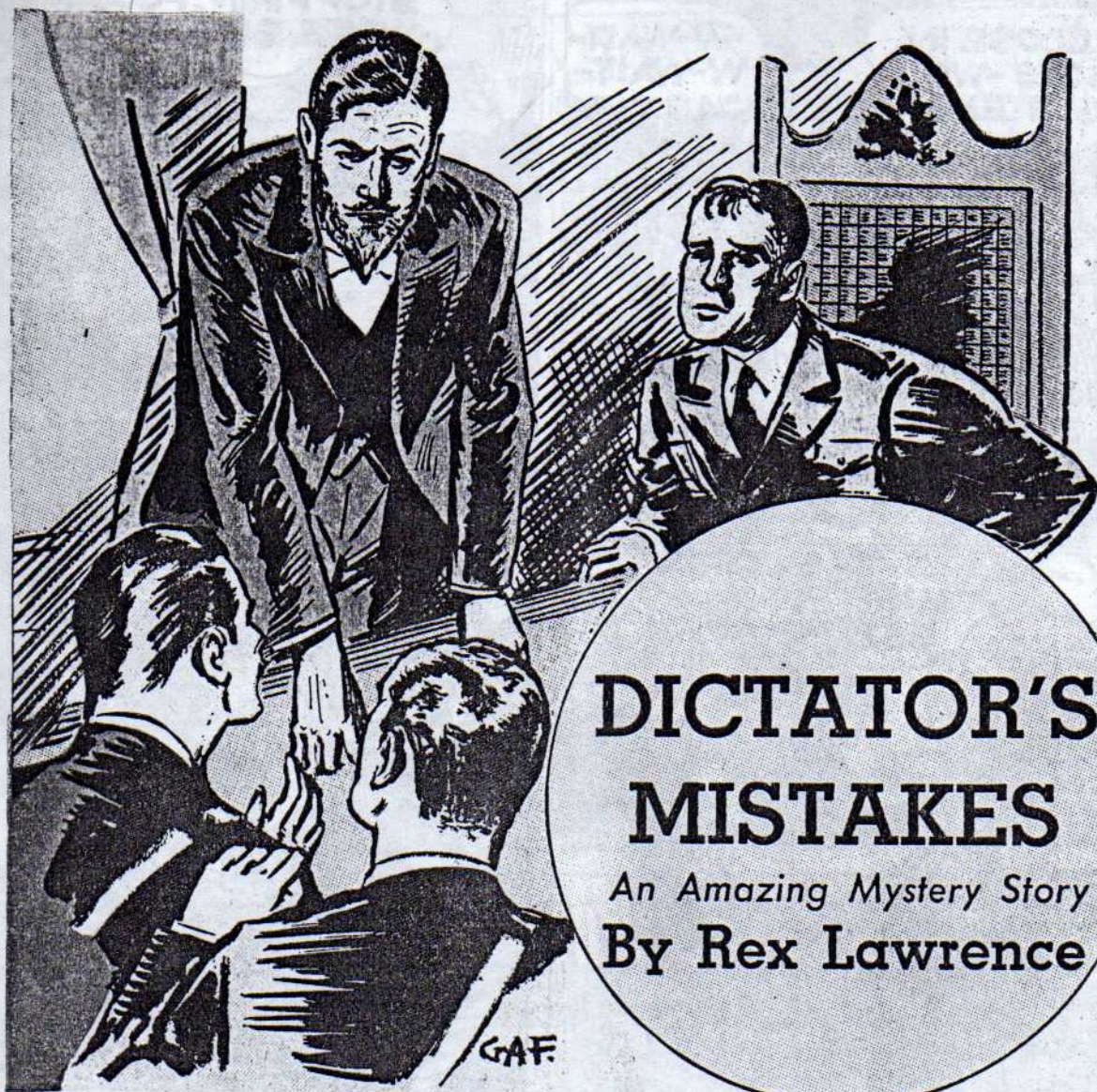












# DICTATOR'S MISTAKES

An Amazing Mystery Story  
By Rex Lawrence

## The Dictator Matches Wits With A Man of Science!

**A**ND so, Professor Gardner, you will appreciate that we can never permit the secret of your infra-atomic bomb to leave my country."

Professor Gardner nodded affirmatively to show he understood the statement just made by the man who sat behind the huge ornamented table, in a huge room of the New Palace. The man, in fact, who not only was his employer, but his jailer if he did not comply!

"After the superior demonstration of your bomb before my General Staff this morning, I can see that the possessor of your secret must, if he were so inclined, *rule the World* . . ."

The man who spoke was Luaram, Dictator of Almania. He flashed a significant smile at Professor Gardner, and finished: "And I am so inclined . . ."

Professor Gardner again ascended, and his

growing anxiety at the new turn of things, at the Dictator's insistence, was only indicated by the nervous fingering of a new gadget he had slipped in his pocket just before he was summoned from his Research Laboratory by Almanian's Almighty—Dictator Luaram.

\* \* \*

**P**ROFESSOR Gardner was one of those rare products of the North American Continental Republic — a super-scientist who knew and moved about the inner world of mechanics and mathematics as a champion swimmer does in water.

Because of his renown and his achievements, Dictator Luaram had bid him come to Almanian at a fabulous salary, and placed at his disposal the finest Laboratory in the World.

That was nearly ten years ago. In that decade, things had changed materially in Almanian. Luaram, posing as a patron of the sciences,



actually was plotting through scientific control, the conquest of the world.

Professor Gardner had come to gradually know this, for the scientist had been given orders by the Dictator to push his research in channels that were more destructive than progressive. Out of this forced research had come the infra-atomic discovery which the Dictator had promptly directed Professor Gardner to use in the making of engines of war.

It was not up to Professor Gardner, a foreigner in Almanian, to counter-plot against the man who was the ruler of Almanian. But like all scientists, the Professor had an overwhelming reluctance to use the product of technology for the destruction and enslaving of mankind, when it should be used for the growth and happiness of the human race. . .

Professor Gardner did not intend to turn over his secret to the Dictator of Almanian, or to anyone else who would misuse it.

\* \* \*

**T**HE interview continued, one-sided:

"You will address the members of the War Cabinet tomorrow morning at nine. At that time, you will formally present your secret to Almanian through me, of course."

"Yes, Your Highness," Professor Gardner replied quietly.

"And," the Dictator added, "failure to comply with this demand will have unpleasant results, Professor."

The Professor's fingers tightened.

"There is no alternative, Professor," the Dictator finished. "Good day, my dear Gardner!"

\* \* \*

**A**T sun-up the following morning, Professor Gardner was on his way up the hill where the great Research Laboratory was located. The Laboratory that Dictator Luaram had had especially built for him, and where he had discovered and developed the infra-atomic secret which he now was ordered to give up!

As Professor Gardner climbed the hill, the idea which had been rattling around in his brain for some hours was beginning to take shape. He had to work out a plan which would enable him to seem to agree to the Dictator's demands, but which would leave much to be desired so far as the Dictator was concerned. . .

That was the main reason for the Professor's early morning walk, and for his haste to get up to the Laboratory. The lone sentry, half asleep in the cool morning, recognizing the familiar figure of the Professor, let him pass unchallenged.

When, after a few moments, the Professor left the Laboratory, it was through a rarely used rear door, which lead to the Main Highway by way of a small sheltered lane. As he left, he had a smile on his face, which was intensified by the twin twinkle of his eyes, when he saw a speedy armored car flash by on its way up the principal entrance to the Great Laboratory grounds. Professor Gardner was satisfied that his hunch about being watched was right. He decided to go to the meeting.

At the appointed time, Professor Gardner entered the well-guarded anteroom of the Almanian War Cabinet. Quickly, he was ushered into the private council room, where Dictator Luaram was addressing a very small circle of intimates of the group that governed Almanian with him.

He saw the Professor coming in, and smiled. Then he began.

"With great pleasure and pride, I now inform you that our distinguished colleague, Professor Gardner, director of the Great Laboratory, who has been our special guest for a decade, will make an announcement of utmost value and secrecy. Every one here present must swear that he will not reveal, under pain of extinction, what the learned Professor will say . . ."

A murmur went up from the group. Almost in a single whisper, they agreed.

"What Professor Gardner will divulge in a few moments only to us will not only prove to you the unmatched genius of this scientist who has come to Almanian to do what he could not accomplish in his own country but also his untiring efforts on behalf of world peace by making our great country the gift of the secret of his research. Gentlemen, Professor Gardner!"

It was very quiet as Professor Gardner arose and began:

"My good friends, I wish to thank you, Chief Luaram, and you, the leaders of the great country of Almanian once more for the unequalled hospitality that has been extended to me during the years when I have been solving the mysteries of the atom-force.

"As you all know, therein is contained all the motion of power outside of the sun. It has been my good fortune to pry this great power loose.

"Yesterday, at the secret demonstration, we saw thousands of tons of dirt and stone turn to fine dust by the release of infra-atomic energy. Today, that secret becomes the sole property of Almanian. . . Need I remind all of you gentlemen of the War Cabinet that its possession spells the end of war if used properly, and the destruction of mankind if used improperly. . ."

A murmur of approval went up from the group. Then, the guttural voice of Luaram, raised a pitch in excitement, said:

"The secret, Professor Gardner, now, if you please. . ."

"Luaram, as I have explained, the secret must not fall into irresponsible hands. You are the one man in the world who will make the right use of the secret. . . I have arranged for the transfer of the papers to you. . ."

A flash of pleasure and intense eagerness passed across the face of the Dictator.

"My dear Professor, you are very thoughtful. I am overwhelmed by the distinction you—"

"I have arranged," continued the Professor, undisturbed by the Dictator's outburst, "to have you secure, out of the safe in my laboratory, the records which contain all the necessary data of



the secret I now present to Almania. Here is the key to the inner compartment, which I alone carry. I turn now over my secret to Almania..."

There was quiet applause while the Dictator arose, and bowed, after he had taken the Professor's little golden key.

"I shall proceed at once, gentlemen, to take possession in the name of all Almania," Luaram said. "And when I have the documents, I shall raise the flag of Almania over the Great Laboratory, so you will know that a great historical moment has come!"

The Dictator saluted, and left the secret council.

\* \* \*

**S**ILENCE reigned in the council room as the War Cabinet gathered around the large window to watch the Dictator in the fast armored car that was being driven toward the Great Laboratory on the hill. Within a short time, the car entered the guarded gates of the Laboratory grounds. Everyone's gaze now leveled at the flag pole, awaiting the agreed signal.



Quietly, Professor Gardner stood by, fingering a gadget in his vest pocket, as though nervously. He knew that it wouldn't take but a few minutes for Luaram to open the safe, and find the inner compartment. Just then, the flag of Almania fluttered up the staff.

"Gentlemen," said Professor Gardner, "my secret is now yours. I trust that you will use it for the benefit of humanity..."

Then, an unexpected, and incredible thing happened.

The hill upon which the Great Laboratory stood seemed to suddenly tear itself open, and a terrific explosion shook the New Palace in which the War Cabinet was waiting. . . . And as the cloud of dust cleared, it could be seen that both the hill, and the Laboratory had crumbled to dust.

Excitedly, Luaram's War Cabinet talked: "The Chief made some terrible mistake . . . touched the wrong things . . . opened the wrong door . . ."

"Tell us, Professor, what has happened! . . ."

Fear, terror, awe, was written on every face, excepting that of Professor Gardner.

"Yes, something terrible has happened," said the Professor. "The Chief Luaram has been killed in an unavoidable Laboratory explosion. We can find nothing, we can see nothing . . ."

The members of the Dictator's secret council gazed on the levelled space that had once been a hill, motionless and speechless.

Professor Gardner walked down the steps of the New Palace, talking to himself:

"Remote control has made my secret more remote than it was before . . ." In his vest pocket, a tiny gadget that he was now patting with satisfaction.

— THE END —



# THE

A COMPLETE PICTURE  
STORY BY  
E.F. WEBSTER

# MADHOUSE MURDER MYSTERY



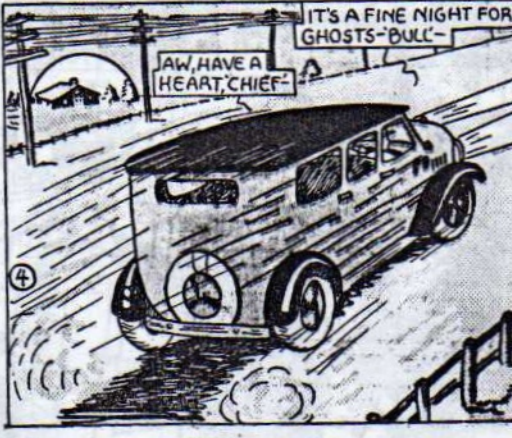
THE HILLCREST SANITARIUM FOR MENTAL CASES WITH A PATRONAGE OF RICH CLIENTS SUPERVISED BY THE NOTED BRAIN SPECIALIST DR. DELAMORT. THE MENTAL SANITARIUM IS VIEWED BY NEARBY RESIDENTS AS A PLACE OF MYSTERY—A HOODED BLACK-CLOAKED FIGURE IS SOMETIMES SEEN.



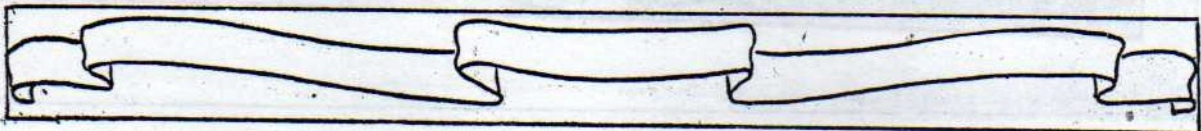
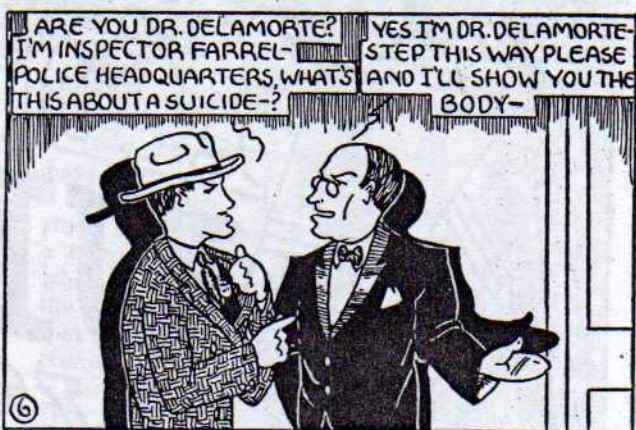
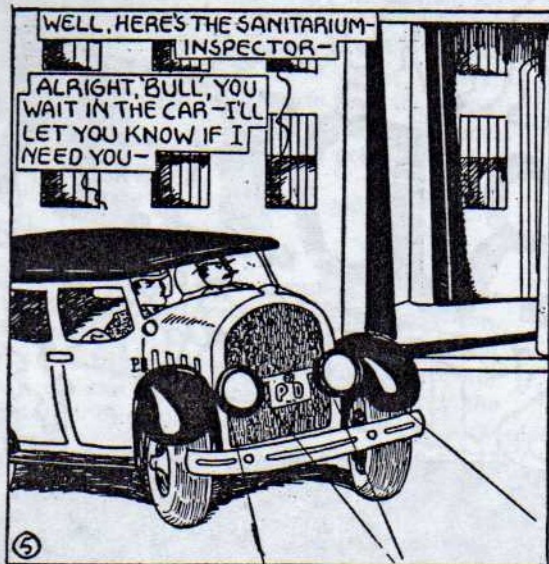
WELL, 'BULL' DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE HILLCREST SANITARIUM IS—? THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING—



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS CHIEF OF DETECTIVES O'ROURKE CONFERS WITH HIS ACE INVESTIGATOR CHIC FARREL—



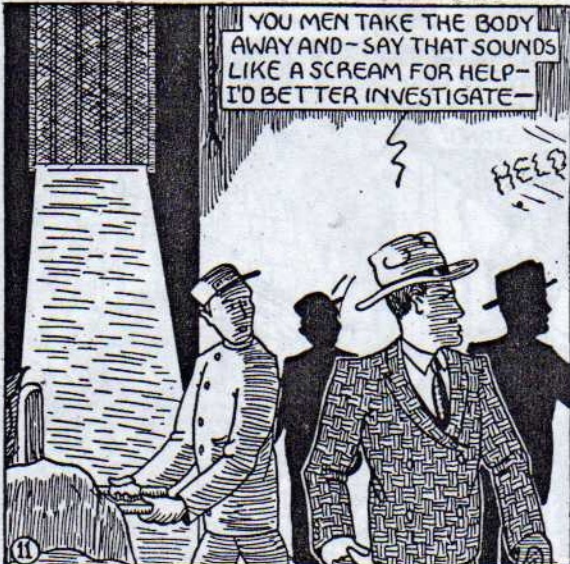






YOU MEN TAKE THE BODY  
AWAY AND— SAY THAT SOUNDS  
LIKE A SCREAM FOR HELP—  
I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE—

HELP



HEY, WHAT ARE YOU  
RUNNING FOR?

I'M DR. REYNARD ON DR.  
DELAMORTE'S STAFF—I  
THOUGHT I HEARD MISS  
BLACK SCREAM—SHE  
MUST BE IN DANGER—



THE OTHER BRAIN SPECIALISTS LAUGHED  
WHEN I SAID A BRAIN COULD BE TRANSFERRED  
FROM ONE PERSON TO ANOTHER—THE FOOLS—  
I'LL SHOW THEM—



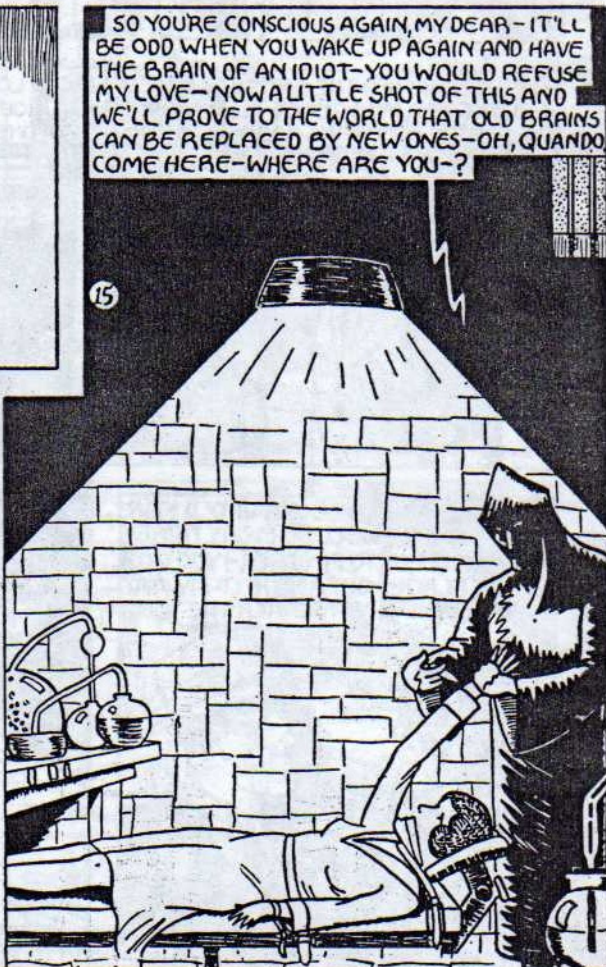
NOW MY PRETTY ONE—ANOTHER  
PEEP OUT OF YOU AND YOU'LL REGRET  
IT—I'M ONLY TAKING YOU ON A LITTLE  
VISIT—HA, HA!

12



SO YOU'RE CONSCIOUS AGAIN, MY DEAR—IT'LL  
BE ODD WHEN YOU WAKE UP AGAIN AND HAVE  
THE BRAIN OF AN IDIOT—YOU WOULD REFUSE  
MY LOVE—NOW A LITTLE SHOT OF THIS AND  
WE'LL PROVE TO THE WORLD THAT OLD BRAINS  
CAN BE REPLACED BY NEW ONES—OH, QUANDO  
COME HERE—WHERE ARE YOU—?

15











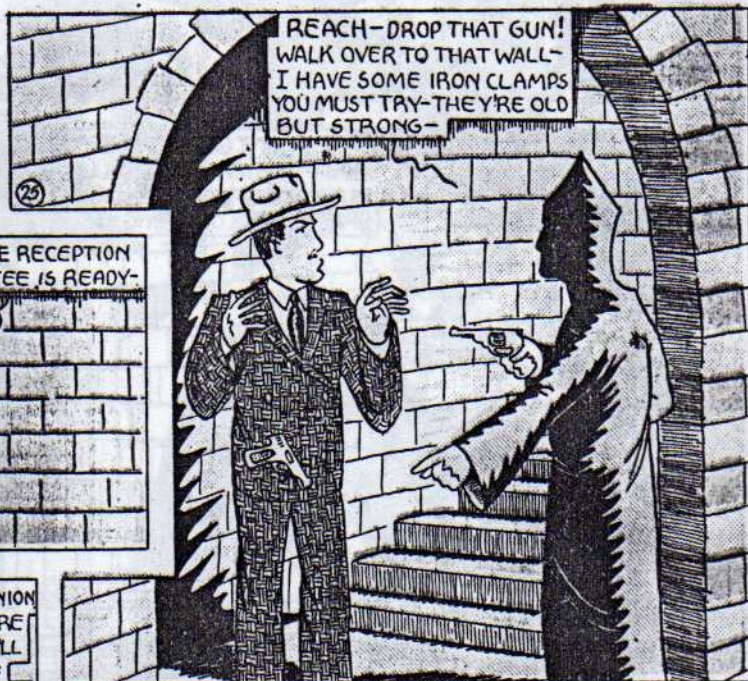
THAT'S ODD, I DIDN'T NOTICE THIS DOOR BEFORE—I WONDER WHERE IT LEADS TO—WHY ISN'T THAT A NURSE'S CAP ON THE STAIRS—?



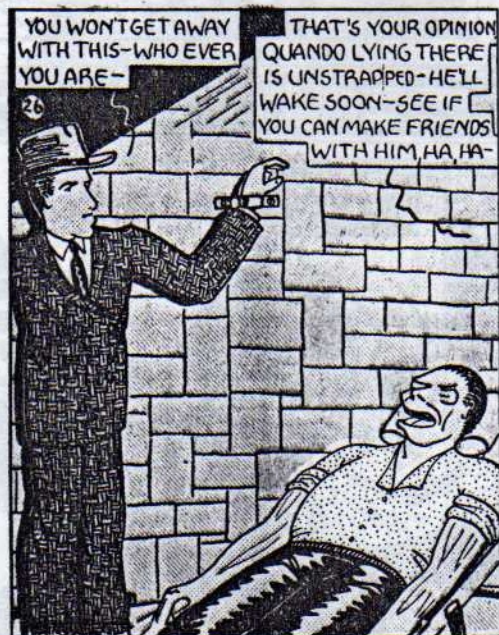
WHAT'S THAT—SOUNDS LIKE A DOOR OPENED—I'D BETTER RECEIVE MY VISITOR!



WELL, THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE IS READY—



REACH—DROP THAT GUN! WALK OVER TO THAT WALL—I HAVE SOME IRON CLAMPS YOU MUST TRY—THEY'RE OLD BUT STRONG—



YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS—WHO EVER YOU ARE—

THAT'S YOUR OPINION QUANDO LYING THERE IS UNSTRAPPED—HE'LL WAKE SOON—SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE FRIENDS WITH HIM, HA, HA—



—I'LL PUT THE GIRL IN HERE—ROLL THE CASKET OUT AND BURY IT—AND RETURN TO SEE HOW YOU AND QUANDO MAKE OUT—



-INSPECTOR FARREL SENT ME OUT TO ASSIST YOU SEARCH THE GROUNDS-FOR MISS BLACK WHO IS MYSTERIOUSLY MISSING-

O.K. YOU GO ROUND THAT WAY-I'LL GO THE OPPOSITE-WE WILL COVER MORE GROUND QUICKLY-



-AND THIS IS THE WAY I DISPOSE OF ALL THOSE WHO OPPOSE MY WILL-



-IT'S LUCKY I FREED MY OTHER ARM WITH THIS PICK-LOCK-THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY CHANCE TO FREE MY LEGS-

WHO YOU-? QUANDO NOT LIKE YOU-QUANDO KILL-



WHAT? AM I SEEING THINGS? I'D BETTER SEE WHAT HE'S BURYING-



THERE'S SOMEONE COMING-I'LL HIDE AND SEE WHO IT IS-







SO YOU WERE SPYING ON ME, EH? NOW THAT YOU OPENED THAT CASEK YOU WONT LIVE TO TELL WHAT YOU KNOW-



DROP THAT KNIFE! RAISE YA FINS- IT LOOKS LIKE I WAS IN TIME-YOUNG FELLER-TAKE OFF HIS HOOD AND LETS SEE WHO IT IS-



SO YOU'NO LIKE ME, QUANDO- I'M SURE YOU'LL LIKE THIS LESS-

UGH!



-NOW TO FREE MY LEGS FROM THE CLAMPS- AND GO UP AND SAVE THAT GIRL-



YOU SAVED ME- DR. REYNARD-

YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT, MARY- ER- MISS BLACK-



THEM- THEY WERE BURIED IN THIS CEMETERY- ONLY YOU KNOW HOW MANY PATIENTS YOU'VE BURIED HERE-

COME ON YOU-

EF WEBSTER

THE END



# PAY OFF FOR MR. GHOST

by

JOSEPH E. BURESCH

MR. GHOST NEVER WOULD HAVE RESTED IF IT WASN'T FOR HIS HAPPY DAY OF BUMPING INTO PAT O'DAY AS PAT GOES ABOUT SOLVING A MYSTERY QUITE OUT OF HIS LINE

SAY PAT, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THIS SPOOK AFFAIR OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN?



I'M NOT FOLLOWING IT CAP. WHAT ABOUT IT?



BIG WRITE-UP IN THE "NEWS" THE LAST THREE DAYS



IT'S THAT OLD CRAIG ESTATE IT WAS ALWAYS SUPPOSED TO BE HAUNTED SINCE OLD CRAIG WAS FOUND MURDERED THERE. IT'S A BIG PLACE -

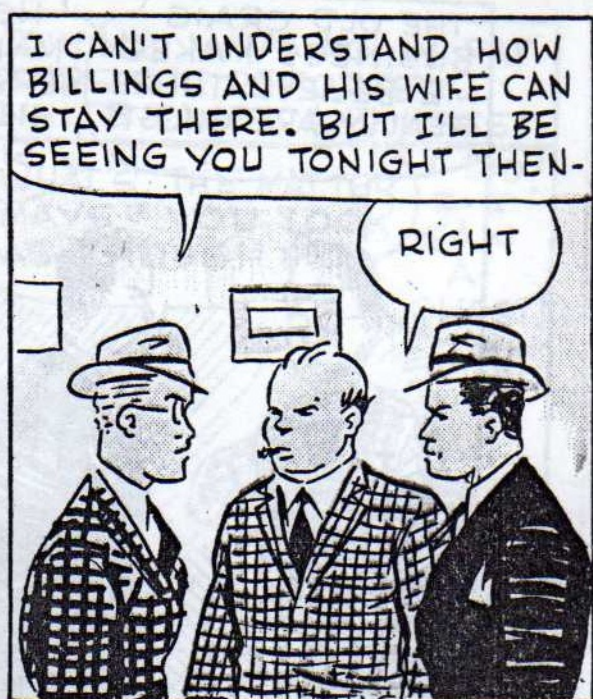


P1

WELL, THE "BILLINGS" - THE PARK AVENUE BILLINGS TOOK OVER THE PLACE - AND THERE'S GOOFY THINGS GOING ON THERE. THE BILLINGS ASKED ME FOR HELP THE OTHER DAY









THAT NIGHT  
AT TEN THIRTY,  
PAT AND THE  
REPORTER  
REACH THE  
BILLINGS HOME.

IT IS A SPOOKY  
LOOKING PLACE  
ISN'T IT!!

THE INSIDE  
IS WORSE.  
COME ON.

ODAY FROM HEADQUARTERS,  
AND MAVS FROM THE "NEWS".

COME IN  
GENTLEMEN

WE'LL GET TO  
THE BOTTOM OF  
THIS SOON MR.  
BILLINGS

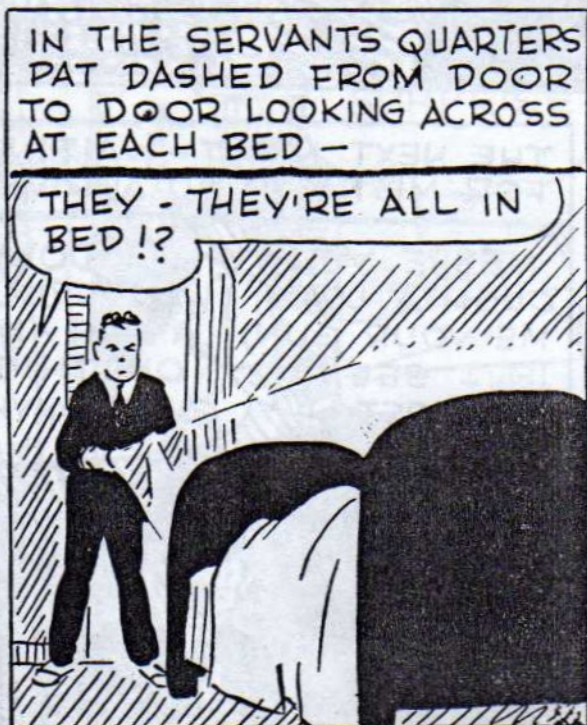
I HOPE SO,  
ODAY. IT  
HAS UPSET  
MRS. BILLINGS  
AND MYSELF  
VERY MUCH

THE OLD CRAIG  
BUSINESS MAKES  
ME BELIEVE THERE  
REALLY ARE GHOSTS

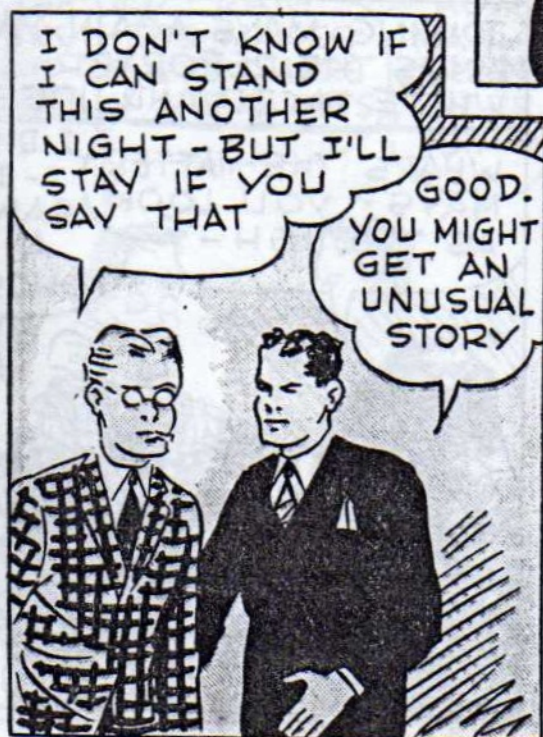
HOW  
MANY  
SERVANTS  
HERE,  
SIR?

THREE, THE COOK, MAID  
AND BUTLER. BUT I'M AFRAID  
I'LL HAVE TO HIRE NEW HELP  
SOON. THIS AFFAIR HAS  
THE SERVANTS ON EDGE  
AND THEY'RE READY TO  
LEAVE











AT MIDNIGHT, THE WEIRD  
NOISES WERE HEARD AGAIN  
THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE

WHOOO  
EEEE YAAA  
WOO

AND THE SAME, HERE IN THE  
BUTLERS ROOM. WELL, I'LL  
JUST GIVE MR. GHOST A  
SURPRISE WHEN HE ENTERS



GOING TO THE MAID AND THE  
COOKS ROOMS, PAT FINDS  
THE BEDS EMPTY, BUT  
COVERS ROLLED TOGETHER

SURE!  
THEY MADE  
IT APPEAR  
AS THERE  
WAS SOME-  
ONE SLEEPING  
HERE



PASSING THE REPORTER AND  
LEAVING HIM SHAKE WITH FEAR  
THE GHOST MAKES HIS  
WAY TO THE ROOM OCCUPIED  
BY PAT



! SURPRISE!



NOW THAT THE JIGS UP, MEBBE  
YOU'LL GATHER YOUR NOISE-  
MAKERS AND LET US KNOW  
ALL ABOUT THIS, I'M CURIOUS

VESSIR-  
VESSIR  
I WILL





THE BILLINGS THEN  
APPEAR, SURPRISED

BUT WHY DID YOU  
DO ALL THIS? WHY?



YES-GO  
AHEAD  
EXPLAIN

THEY HAVEN'T  
PAID US  
OUR SALARY  
FOR TWO  
MONTHS!

WE THOUGHT  
WE'D SCARE  
IT OUTA  
THEM



WE WAS GOING TO  
KEEP IT UP FOR A  
FEW DAYS, THEN  
LEAVE. HE'D PAY  
US THEN TO STAY!



BOY OBOY WOT  
A STORY WOT A  
STORY!

HEAVENS NO!  
YOU MUST NOT  
PRINT THAT-WHAT  
WOULD THE JONE'S  
SAY!



PLEASE!  
THAT WOULD  
BE AWFUL  
IF- PLEASE  
DON'T !!

I SHOULD  
DROP A SWELL  
STORY LIKE  
THIS AFTER  
ALL I'VE GONE  
THROUGH! OH NO!  
S'LONG- I GOT  
THINGS TO DO



I-AH, THOUGHT THAT WHEN  
YOU ARRIVED YOU'D SPOIL  
THINGS, BUT- WELL THANK  
YOU SIR, YOU SEE, MR.  
BILLINGS JUST PAID  
US.





# THE MYSTERIOUS POACHER

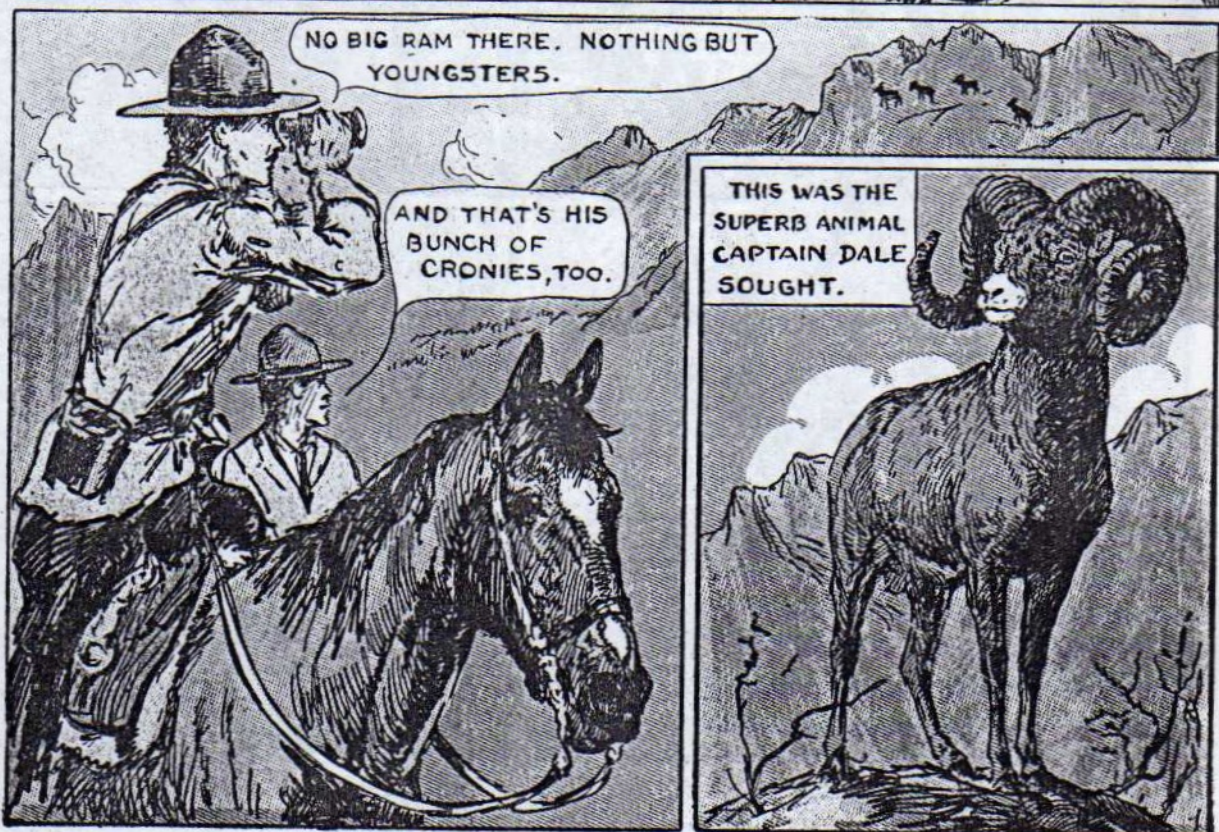
COMPLETE

By H.L. HASTINGS



CAPTAIN, THAT BIG RAM ON THE SAW-TOOTH IS GONE. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR A WEEK.

I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, CORPORAL. WE NEEDED SOME LAMBS FROM THAT BIGHORN. OUR STOCK ISN'T SO GOOD. I'LL RIDE OUT WITH YOU AND LOOK FOR HIM.

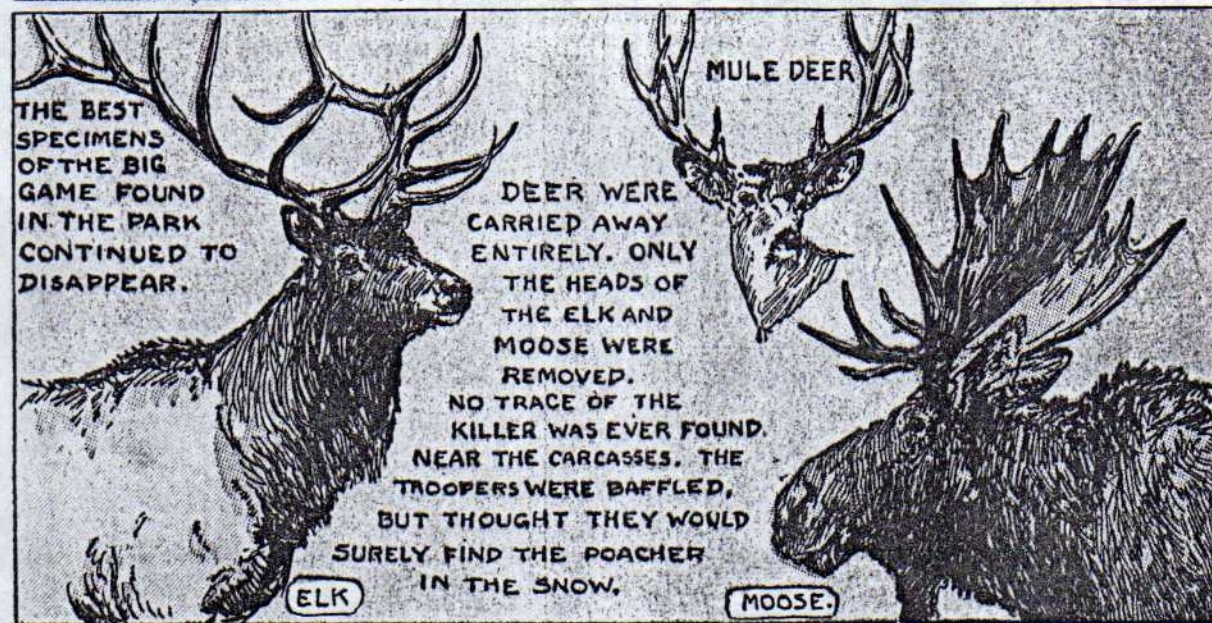
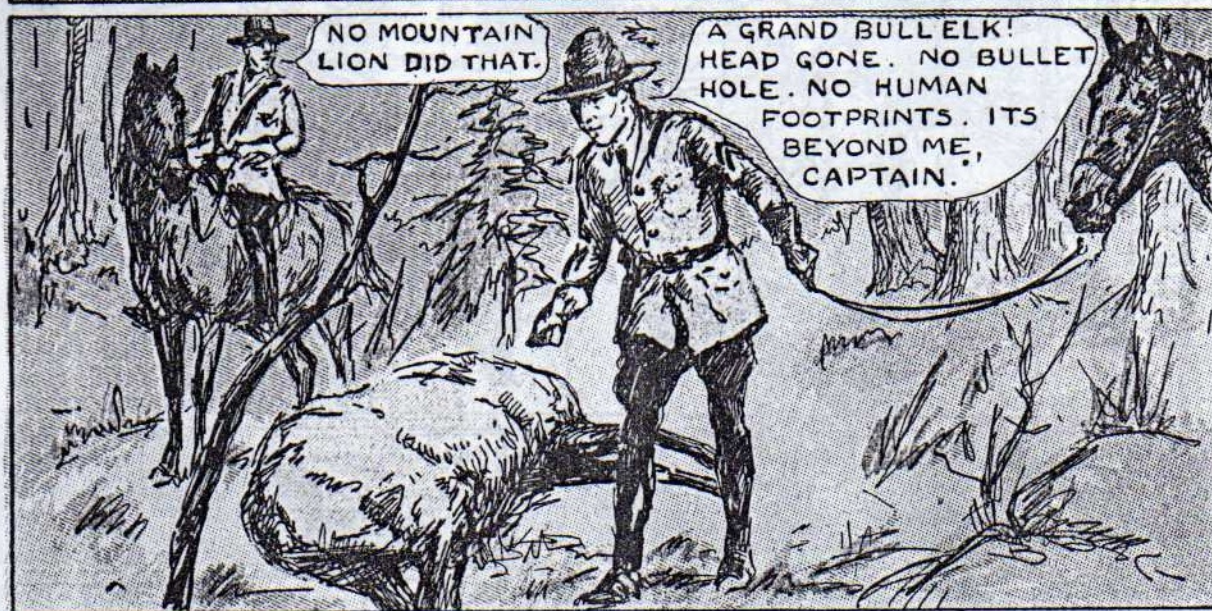


NO BIG RAM THERE. NOTHING BUT YOUNGSTERS.

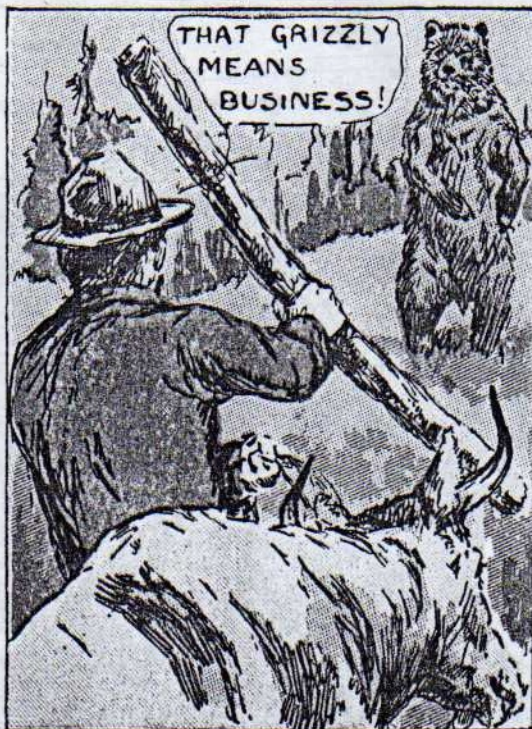
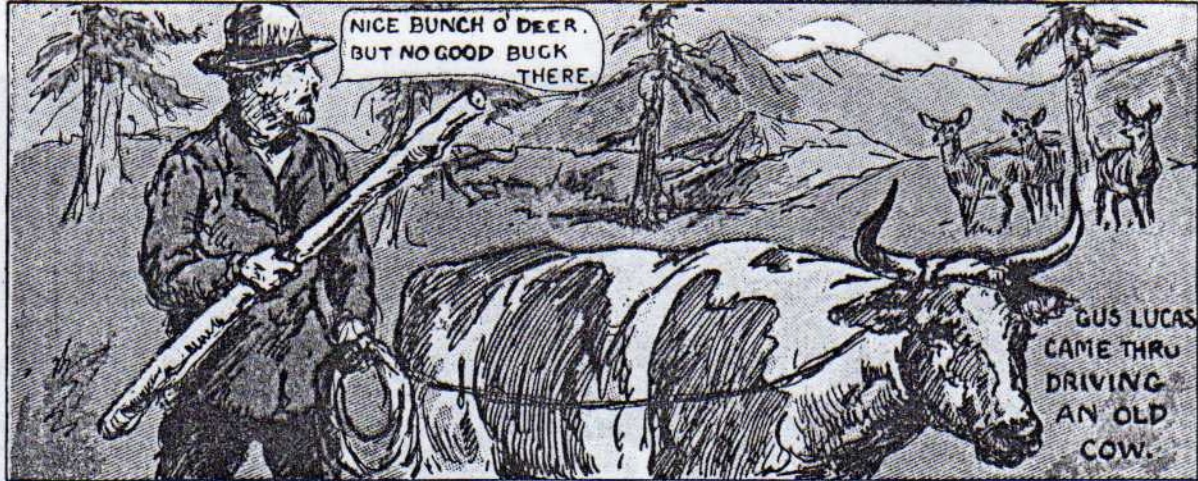
AND THAT'S HIS BUNCH OF CRONIES, TOO.

THIS WAS THE SUPERB ANIMAL CAPTAIN DALE SOUGHT.





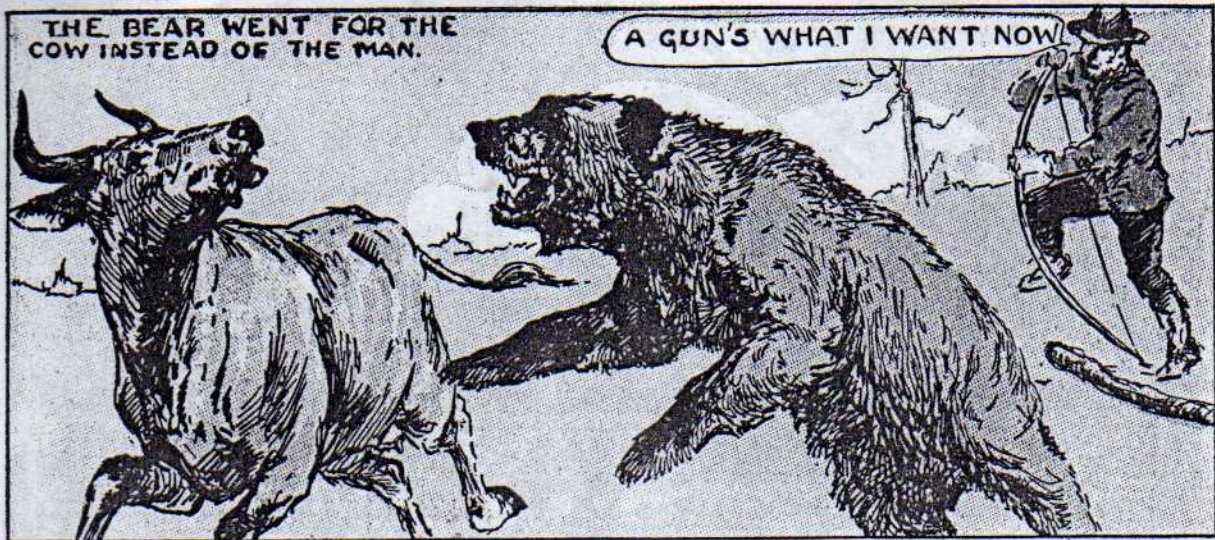




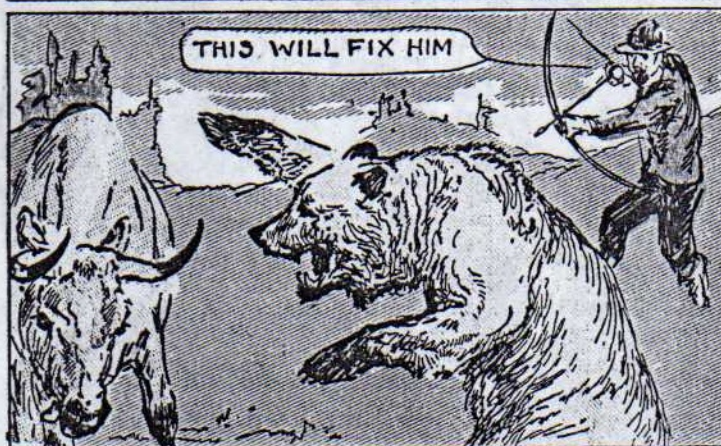


THE BEAR WENT FOR THE  
COW INSTEAD OF THE MAN.

A GUN'S WHAT I WANT NOW!

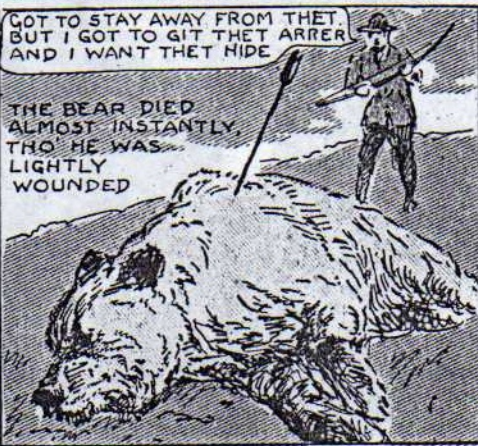


THIS WILL FIX HIM



GOT TO STAY AWAY FROM THE  
BUT I GOT TO GIT THE ARRR  
AND I WANT THE HIDE

THE BEAR DIED  
ALMOST INSTANTLY,  
THO' HE WAS  
LIGHTLY  
WOUNDED

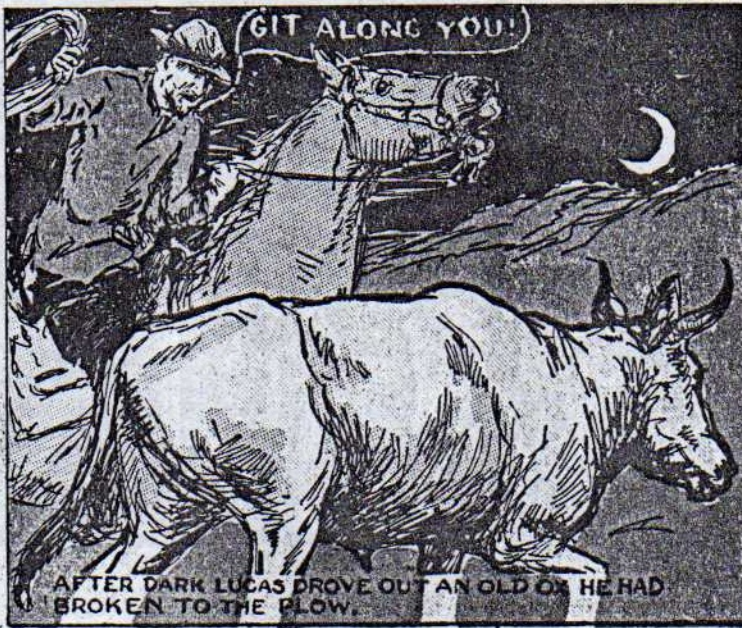


THE HEAVY CLUB WHICH LUCAS CARRIED WAS  
HOLLOW TO HOLD A BOW AND ARROWS.

CAN'T MAKE NO TRACKS  
AROUND THAT CARCASS.  
THIS ROCK IS AS NEAR  
AS I DARE GO. I'LL  
GET THE HIDE  
AFTER DARK.

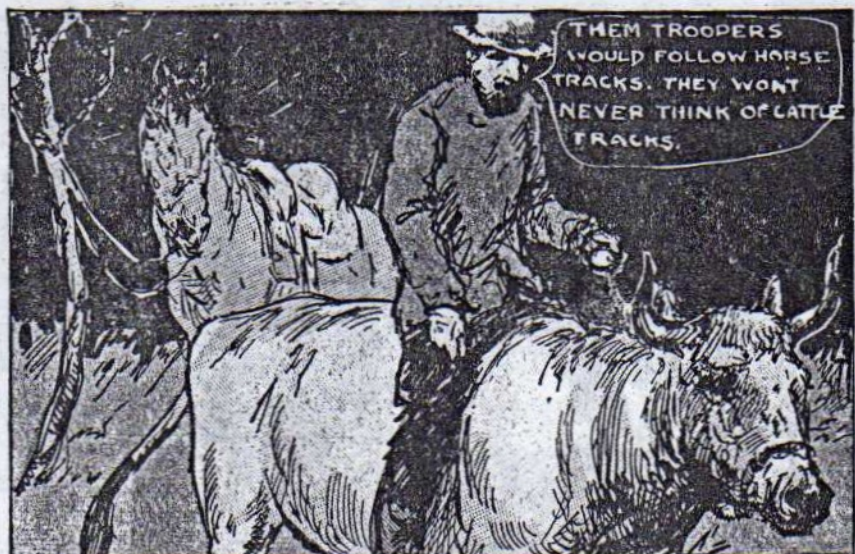


(GIT ALONG YOU!)



AFTER DARK LUCAS DROVE OUT AN OLD OX HE HAD  
BROKEN TO THE PLOW.



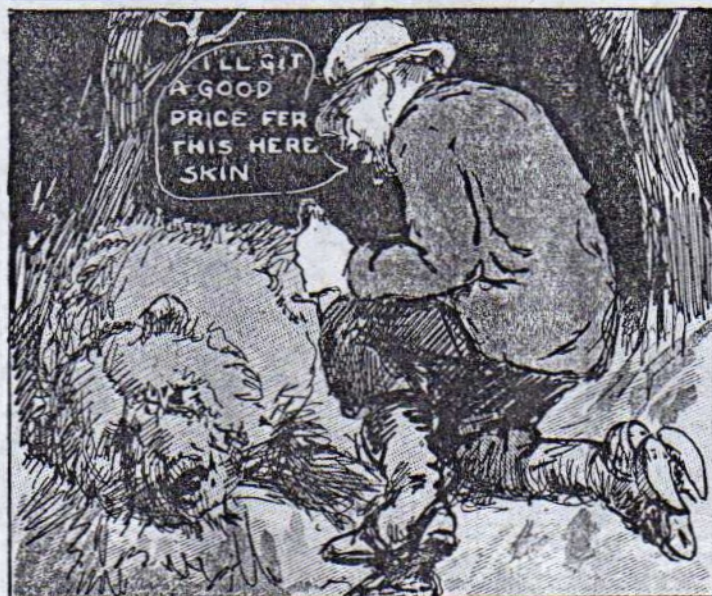


THEM TROOPERS  
WOULD FOLLOW HORSE  
TRACKS. THEY WONT  
NEVER THINK OF LITTLE  
TRACKS.



THIS FOOLS 'EM  
EVERY TIME

WHEN HE GOT WITHIN HALF A MILE OF THE DEAD BEAR  
LUCAS TIED HIS HORSE AND MOUNTED THE STEER.



I'LL GIT  
A GOOD  
PRICE FER  
THIS HERE  
SKIN

LUCAS  
STRAPPED

A PAIR OF ELK HOOF'S FASTENED  
TO LEATHER ON HIS BOOTS.



GIT GOIN'. GOT TER  
DRAG THIS OUT O'  
HERE BEFORE THE  
TROOPERS  
SMELL IT



OVER THE CLIFF  
FER THET HUNK O'  
MEAT. THE LAW  
CAN'T FIND IT  
DOWN THERE



I ALWAYS GIT OUT O' HERE  
AS FAST AS I KIN.

LUCAS TIED  
THE HIDE IN A  
SLICKER ON  
BACK OF HIS  
SADDLE





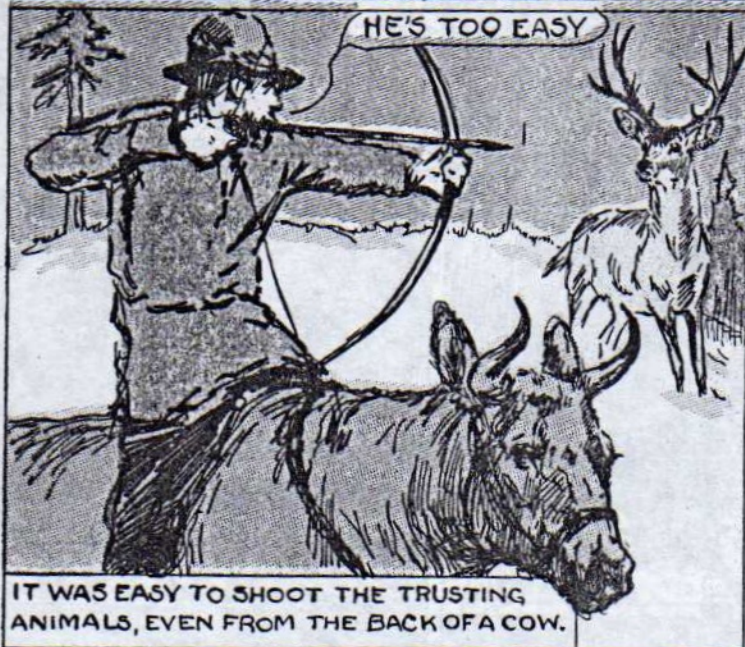
I HOPE NOBODY DIGS INTO THIS LOAD O' HAY.

LUCAS TOOK OUT HIS TROPHIES UNDER A LOAD OF HAY.



THIS POISON NEEDS TO BE FRESH.

HE POISONED HIS ARROWS.



HE'S TOO EASY

IT WAS EASY TO SHOOT THE TRUSTING ANIMALS, EVEN FROM THE BACK OF A COW.



THIS BUCK IS TOO HEAVY TO PACK FAR. I'LL HIDE HIM. GET HIM WITH THE OLD OX TONIGHT



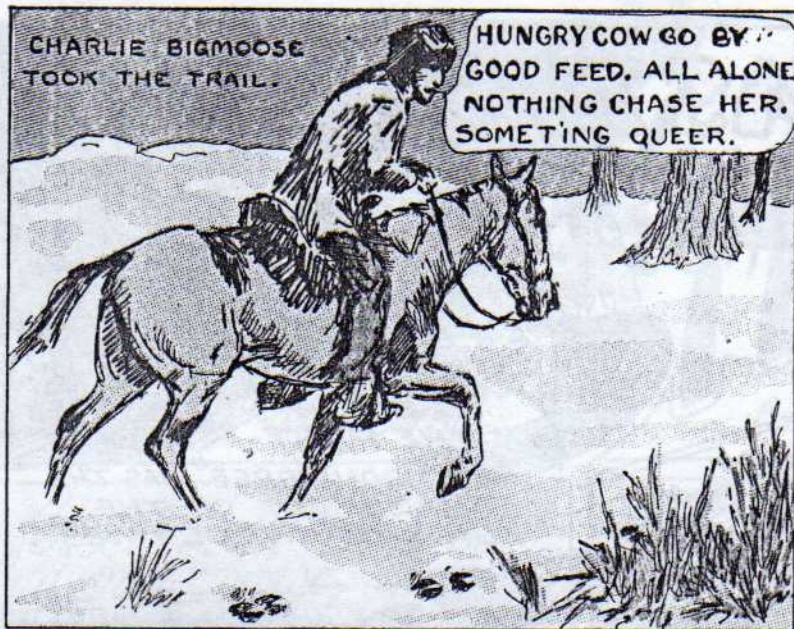
ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN. I' LOOK. MEBBE I FIND, QUICK

I'M GLAD YOU CAME, CHARLIE BIGMOOSE. ALL OUR BEST GAME ANIMALS ARE DISAPPEARING. YOU LOOK AROUND AND FIND WHERE THEY WENT. WE'RE STUCK



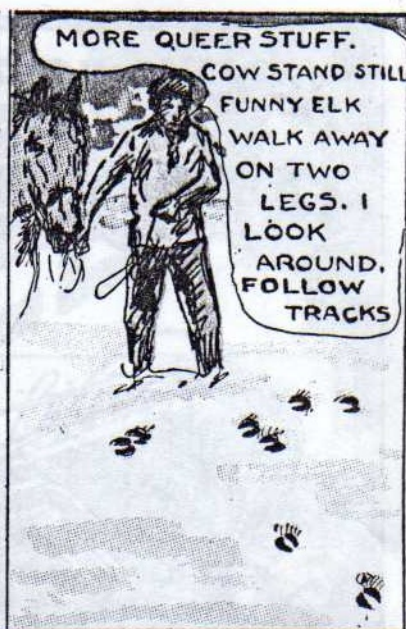
WHEN SNOW CAME LUCAS FASTENED A SHORT STILT SHAPED LIKE A HOOF TO HIS BOOTS. HE WAS CAREFUL TO KEEP OUT OF VERY DEEP SNOW.





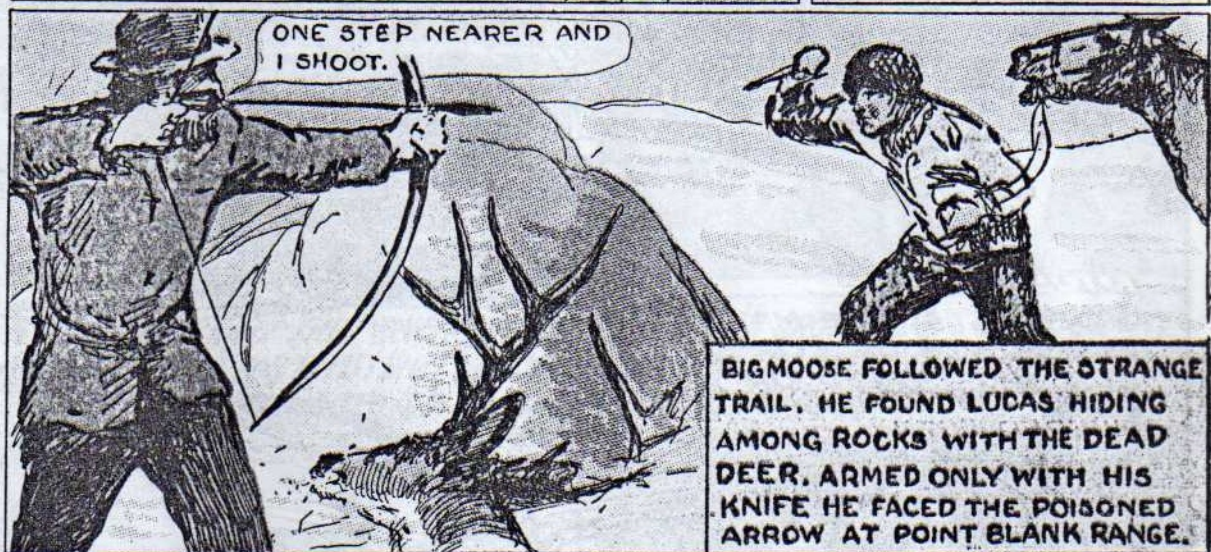
CHARLIE BIGMOOSE  
TOOK THE TRAIL.

HUNGRY COW GO BY  
GOOD FEED. ALL ALONE  
NOTHING CHASE HER.  
SOMETHING QUEER.



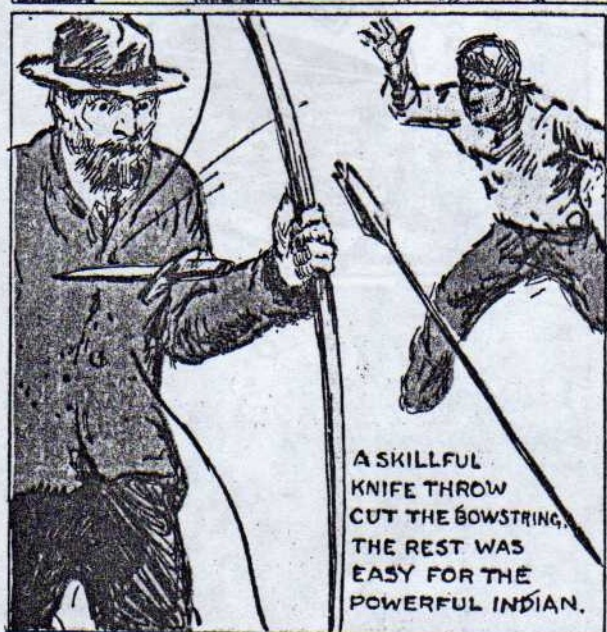
MORE QUEER STUFF.

COW STAND STILL  
FUNNY ELK  
WALK AWAY  
ON TWO  
LEGS. I  
LOOK  
AROUND.  
FOLLOW  
TRACKS

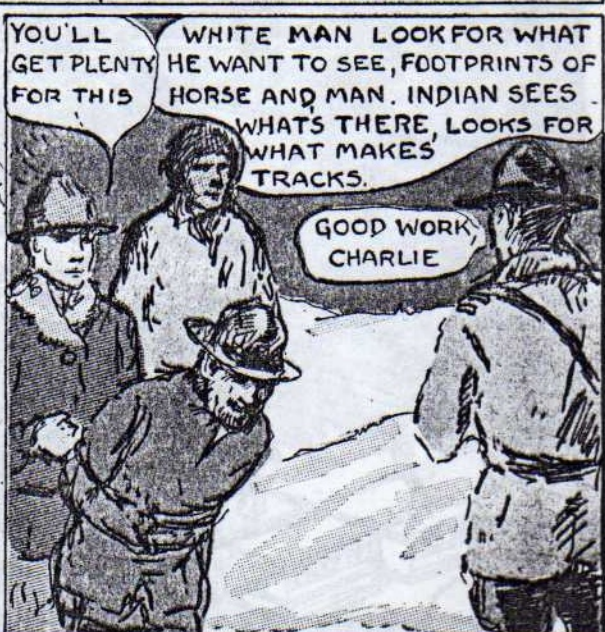


ONE STEP NEARER AND  
I SHOOT.

BIGMOOSE FOLLOWED THE STRANGE  
TRAIL. HE FOUND LUCAS HIDING  
AMONG ROCKS WITH THE DEAD  
DEER. ARMED ONLY WITH HIS  
KNIFE HE FACED THE POISONED  
ARROW AT POINT BLANK RANGE.



A SKILLFUL  
KNIFE THROW  
CUT THE BOWSTRING.  
THE REST WAS  
EASY FOR THE  
POWERFUL INDIAN.



YOU'LL  
GET PLENTY  
FOR THIS

WHITE MAN LOOK FOR WHAT  
HE WANT TO SEE, FOOTPRINTS OF  
HORSE AND MAN. INDIAN SEES  
WHAT'S THERE, LOOKS FOR  
WHAT MAKES  
TRACKS.

GOOD WORK,  
CHARLIE



# FANTASTIC PROJECTS!



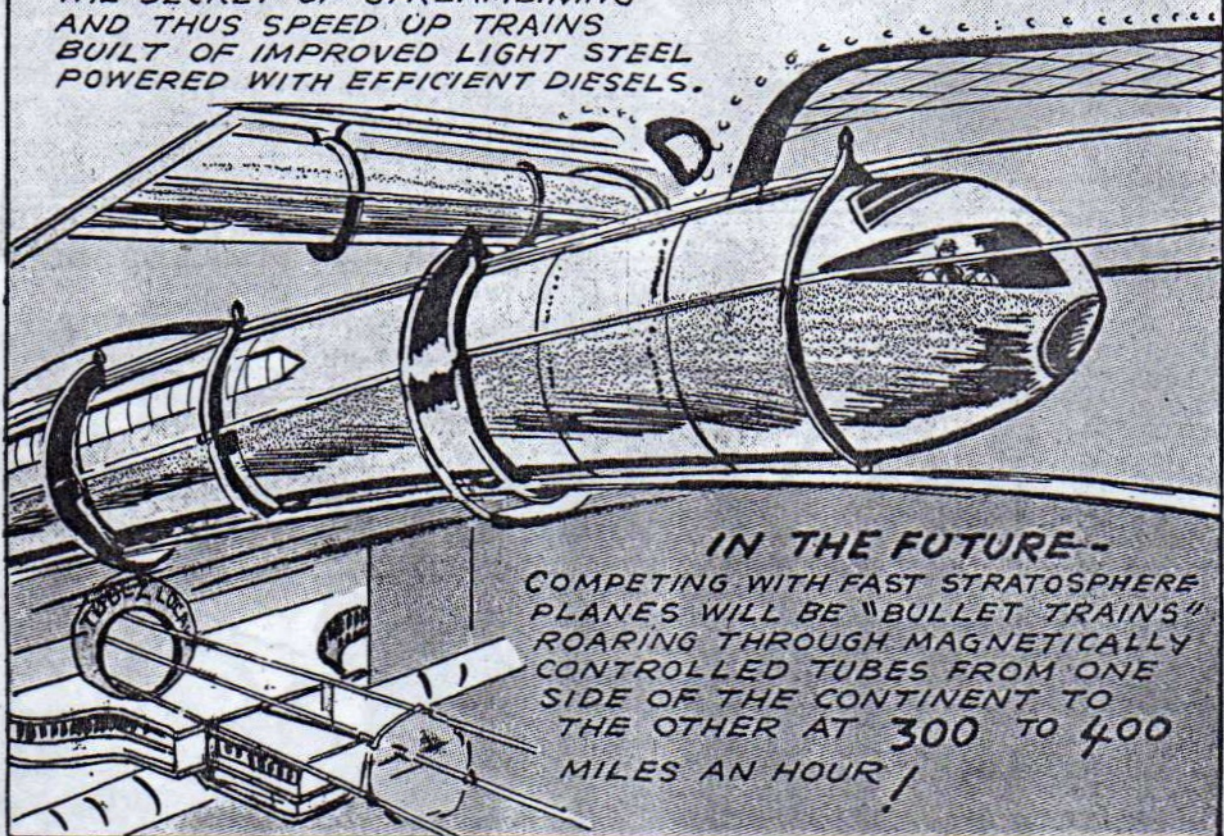
IN THE PAST-

THE "IRON HORSE" WAS THE  
AMAZEMENT OF THE  
DAYS OF THE OLD WEST.



TODAY -

SCIENTISTS HAVE MASTERED  
THE SECRET OF STREAMLINING  
AND THUS SPEED UP TRAINS  
BUILT OF IMPROVED LIGHT STEEL  
POWERED WITH EFFICIENT DIESELS.



IN THE FUTURE--

COMPETING WITH FAST STRATOSPHERE  
PLANES WILL BE "BULLET TRAINS"  
ROARING THROUGH MAGNETICALLY  
CONTROLLED TUBES FROM ONE  
SIDE OF THE CONTINENT TO  
THE OTHER AT 300 TO 400  
MILES AN HOUR!



# Skyrocket STEELE

IN THE YEAR "X"  
(ABOUT 2500 A.D.)

By Bill Everett

*Back on earth, after their adventure on the planetoid Mannin, we find "Skyrocket" Steele Dodge and "Invex", the Invisible Man, in Steele's own chamber in the castle of King Kurt. Invex has just come in with exciting news~ Let's listen .....*

STEELE, SOMEONE'S STOLEN MY SECRET FORMULA!



IT'S MY FORMULA FOR THE "INVIS-A-RAY",  
THE NEW METHOD FOR INVISIBILITY~ I'M  
SURE I LOCKED IT IN THE SAFE



*And so, in another part of the castle, we find the thief stowing the formula in a waterproof case....*



WHO'S  
THERE!





WHEN! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL ~ I'LL HAVE TO BE MORE CAREFUL OF THE GUARDS AROUND HERE ~



WELL, SARY MARSTON, SO FAR, SO GOOD! AND WHAT IS STEELE DODGE GOING TO THINK WHEN HE FINDS OUT THAT HIS OWN GIRL HAS STOLEN INVEX'S FORMULA!



WELL, WE CAN'T BOTHER ABOUT THAT NOW ~ OH-OH! I CAN'T FILL THIS FORMULA IN MY LABORATORY ~ I'LL HAVE TO USE THE KING'S!



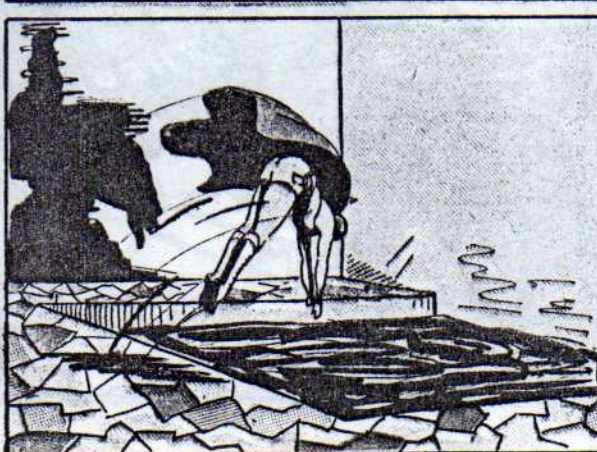
I'LL CHANGE MY CLOTHES, AND GO OVER BY THE SECRET UNDERWATER PASSAGE ~ NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT IT BUT STEELE AND ME



LET'S SEE, NOW ~ I'D BETTER TAKE A GUN ALONG ~ MIGHT RUN INTO TROUBLE ~ THE GOGGLES WILL SERVE AS A MASK, AND I'LL WEAR THE CLOAK, TOO.



IF I CAN USE THIS FORMULA TO MAKE MYSELF INVISIBLE, I CAN FOLLOW VANCE ROY, AND FIND OUT WHAT DIRTY TRICK HE'S PLANNING NEXT ~ WELL, HERE GOES FOR A NICE COLD SWIM!





ONLY A FEW MORE YARDS TO GO ~ I'VE GOT TO  
GET TO THE "LAB" AND MAKE UP THE FORMULA  
BEFORE THEY DISCOVER THAT IT'S GONE - THEY'LL  
SEND OUT A GENERAL ALARM



I KNOW THAT VANCE ROY IS UP TO HIS TRICKS  
AGAIN, AND THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO ~



DISCOVER WHAT HIS PLANS ARE ~ JUST  
ANOTHER STEP, NOW, AND I'LL BE THERE!



KING'S  
LABORATORY



AND BACK IN STEELE'S CHAMBER, HE AND  
INVEX DECIDE TO SEE IF THE FORMULA WAS  
LEFT IN THE KING'S LABORATORY ....



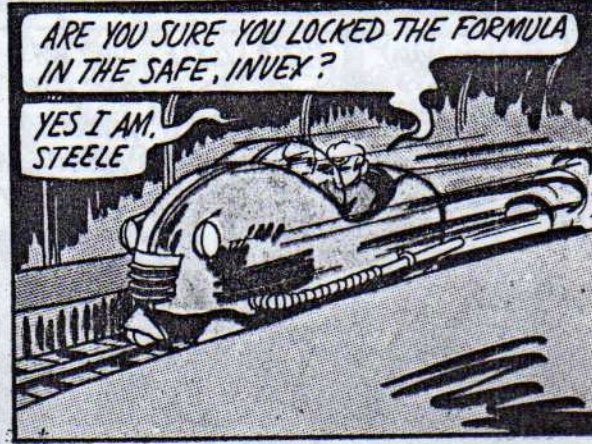
LET'S GO, INVEX!

WE'LL TAKE THE "MINI-CAB", IT'LL GET US  
THROUGH THE SUBWAY QUICKER



ARE YOU SURE YOU LOCKED THE FORMULA  
IN THE SAFE, INVEX?

YES I AM,  
STEELE





AND AGAIN IN THE KING'S  
LABORATORY, WE FIND SARI  
MIXING CHEMICALS

OH-OH! A GUARD!

WHO'S IN HERE?



SAY, WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING? GET OUT  
OF HERE!!



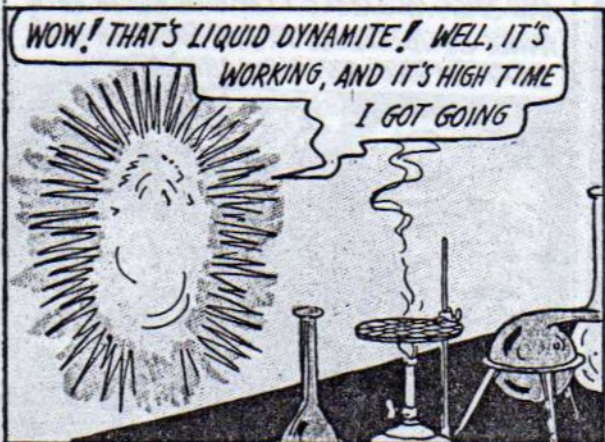
NOT SO FAST,  
SOLDIER!  
OVER WE  
GO!



I'LL HAVE TO SWALLOW THIS STUFF IN A HURRY  
AND GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE SOMEONE ELSE  
COMES IN



WOW! THAT'S LIQUID DYNAMITE! WELL, IT'S  
WORKING, AND IT'S HIGH TIME  
I GOT GOING



HELLO - WHAT'S THIS?  
HEY INVEX, IT'S  
MARTIN, THE SENTRY



MARTIN, WHAT  
HAPPENED?

HELLO STEELE ~ SARI WAS  
HERE ~ SHE  
KNOCKED  
ME OUT AND  
GOT AWAY



STEELE ~ COME HERE! THIS IS SOME OF MY  
FORMULA ~ SARI MUST HAVE  
STOLEN IT, AND USED  
IT HERSELF

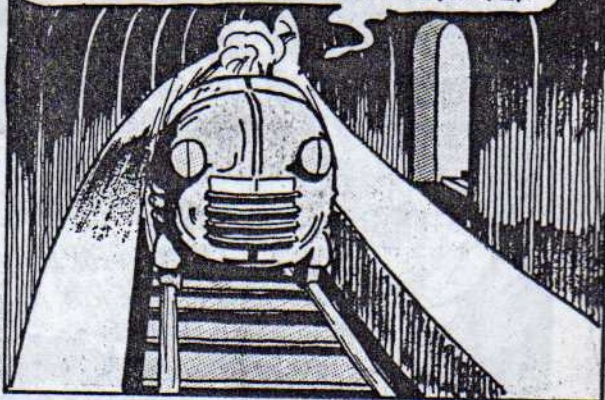




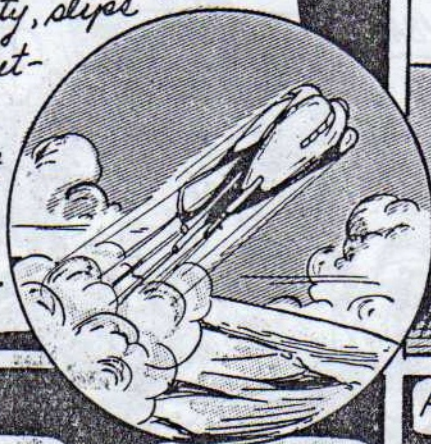
LORD, STEELE ~ THIS IS TERRIBLE! SHE'S MADE  
HERSELF INVISIBLE, AND NOW WE'LL NEVER FIND  
HER!



WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO MY PLACE, INVEX



And Sari, in her disguise  
of invisibility, slips  
into a Rocket-  
ship, and  
speeds out  
into the  
void .....



AND, FROM A CLOSET INSIDE THE SHIP, STEALS  
THE TALL, WELL-DRESSED FIGURE OF A MAN ~  
HE ADVANCES, PISTOL IN HAND ~



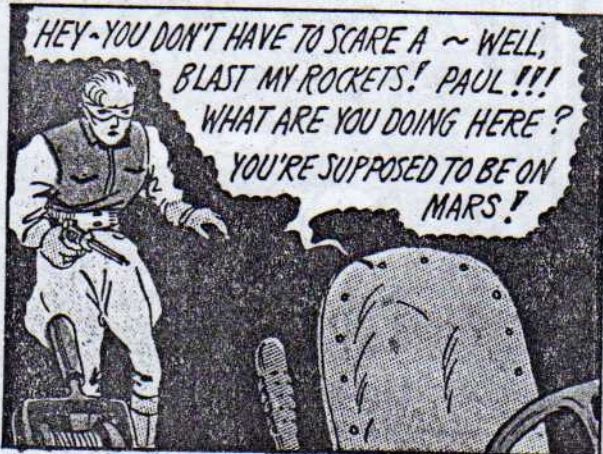
FOR THE LOVE OF VENUS! WHAT IS THIS?  
WHERE'S THE PILOT?  
HELLO! WHO'S RUNNING  
THIS SHIP?



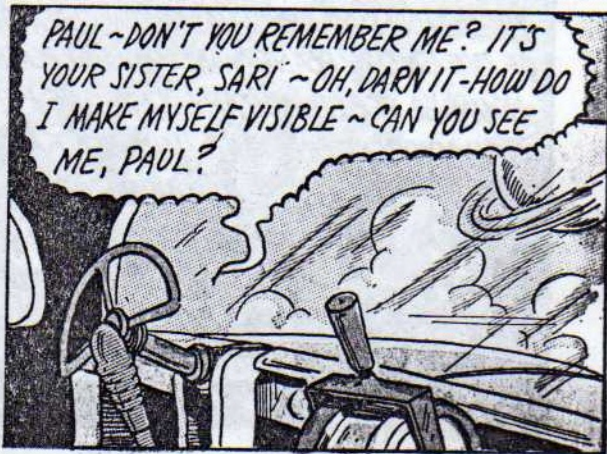
AND STOPS, SURPRISED TO FIND NO ONE AT THE  
CONTROLS OF THE SHIP ~ HE SPEAKS.....



HEY - YOU DON'T HAVE TO SCARE A ~ WELL,  
BLAST MY ROCKETS! PAUL !!!  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?  
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ON  
MARS!



PAUL ~ DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME? IT'S  
YOUR SISTER, SARI ~ OH, DARN IT - HOW DO  
I MAKE MYSELF VISIBLE ~ CAN YOU SEE  
ME, PAUL?



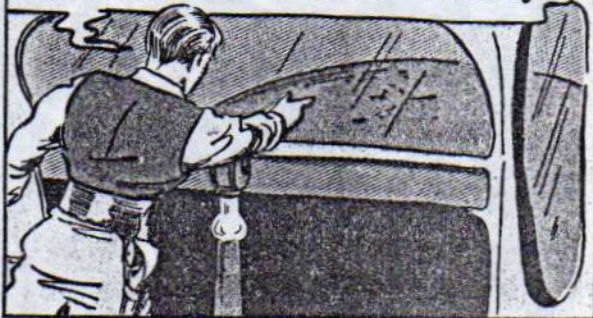


NO, I CAN'T SEE YOU, BUT I'D KNOW YOUR VOICE ANYWHERE - WHAT MAKES YOU INVISIBLE, SARI - AND WHERE ARE YOU TAKING THIS SHIP?



I HAVEN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING, PAUL, BUT I'M HEADED FOR VENUS - I THINK VANCE ROY IS THERE

VENUS! YOU CAN'T GO THERE, SARI! THE RED MEN ARE RIOTING AGAINST ROY'S YELLOW STAR ARMY - YOU CAN SEE THEM FROM HERE!



SARI! SARI-TURN BACK! WE'VE GOT TO GET HELP FROM EARTH - THIS IS BAD!



THE YELLOW STAR ARMY HAS TAKEN CONTROL OF THE ENTIRE PLANET, AND ROY HAS PLACED IT UNDER STRICT MILITARY RULE - THE RED MEN ARE REBELLING, AND HAVE SENT ME

AS A SCOUT TO PROCURE MORE MUNITIONS FOR THEIR SMALL FORCE - BUT WE'RE BADLY OUT-NUMBERED



LOOK, PAUL! WE'RE BEING PURSUED!



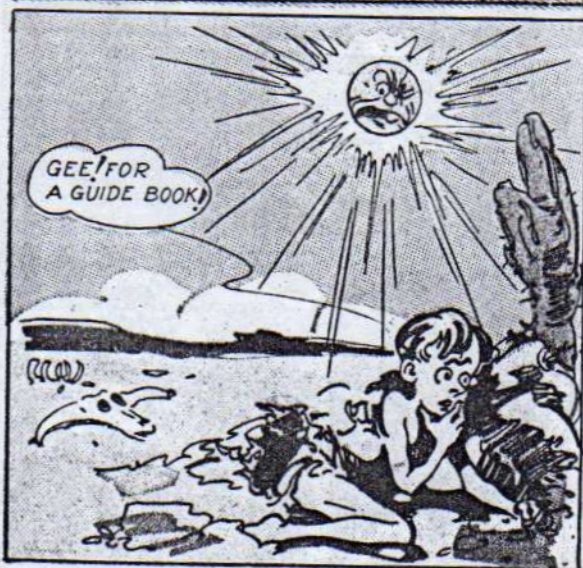
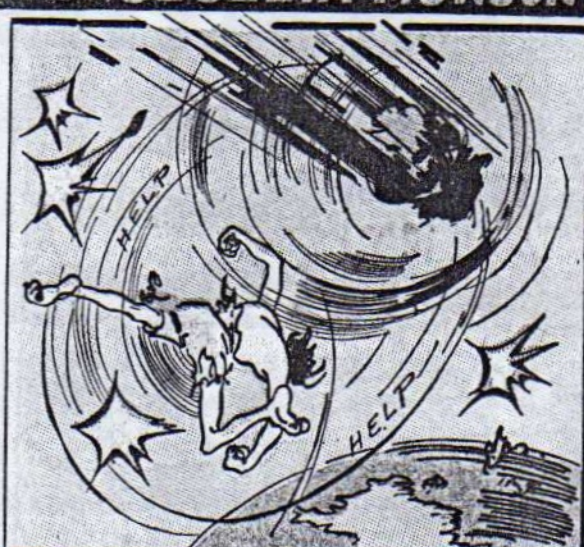
TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF "AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES"

-Paul Duvall-

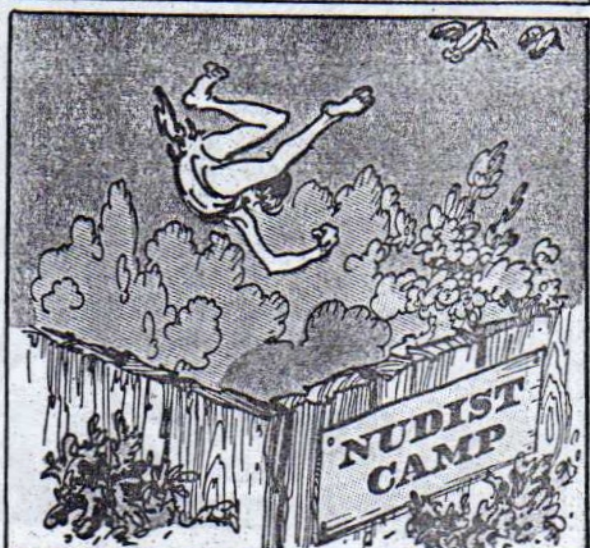
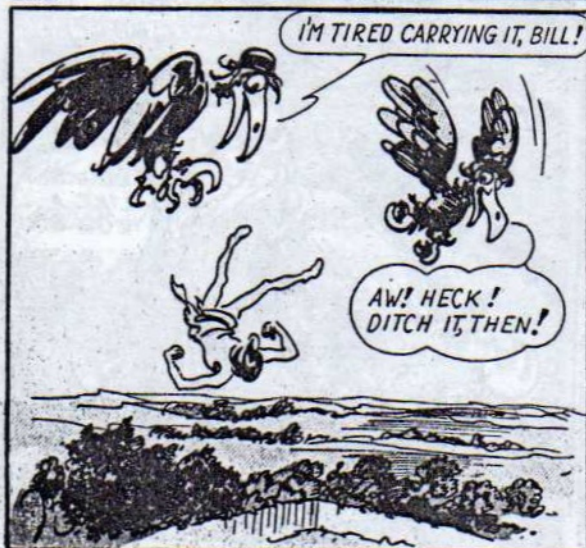
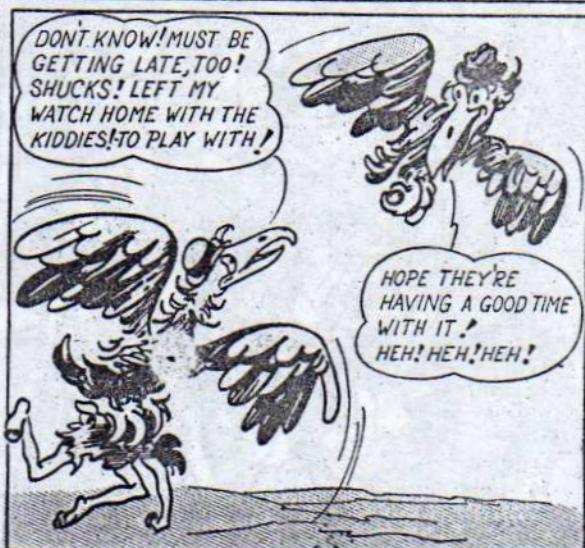
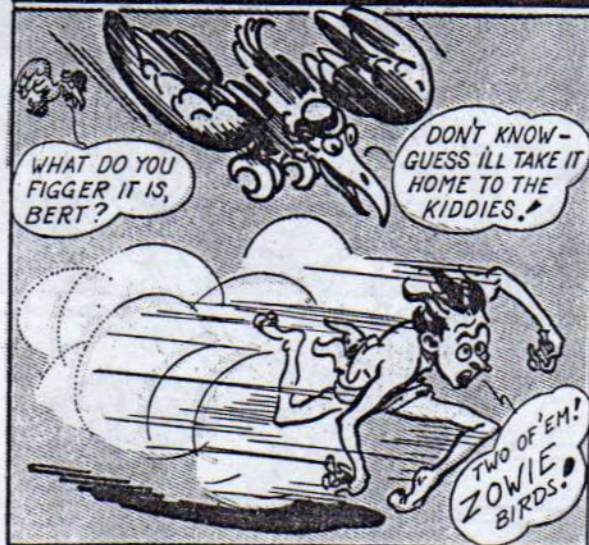


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